

HIT PARADER

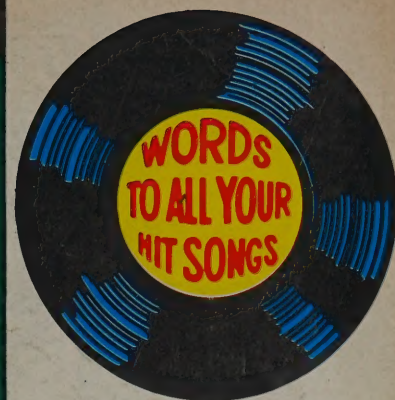
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CDC

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

MAY 1969

Rooting Out
THE BEATLES



PICTURES I HEAR

CALIFORNIA SOUL
HOOKED ON A FEELING
GOING UP THE COUNTRY
SON OF A PREACHER MAN

BELLA LINDA
I STARTED A JOKE
LO MUCHO QUE
TE QUIERO

CRIMSON & CLOVER

THERE'S GONNA BE A
SHOWDOWN

HEY JUDE

A MINUTE OF YOUR TIME

SHE'S A LADY
FEELIN' SO GOOD

SOUL SISTER,
BROWN SUGAR

YOU GOT SOUL

SWEET CREAM LADIES

IF IT WASN'T FOR
BAD LUCK

ELECTRIC STORIES
ISN'T IT LONELY
TOGETHER

BLUEBIRDS OVER THE
MOUNTAIN

CROSS TOWN TRAFFIC

THE GIRL MOST LIKELY

I'M GONNA MAKE YOU
LOVE ME

PLUS:

WILLIE DIXON
TERRY REID
HARVEY MANDEL
INSECT TRUST
TERRY KIRKMAN

SHOPPING BAG

PLATTER CHATTER

THE SCENE

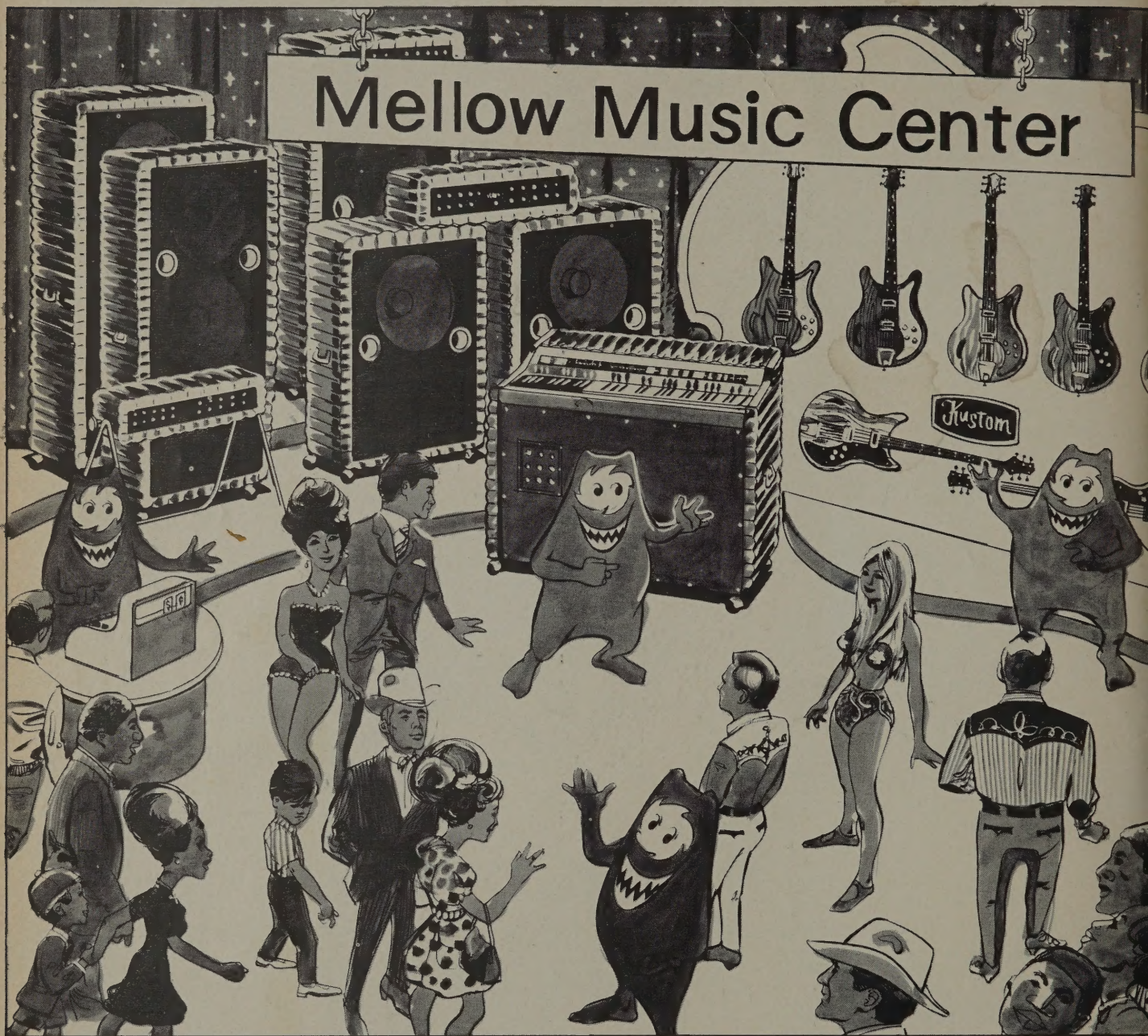
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steppenwolf ■ buddy miles

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hit Parader....

MAY 1969

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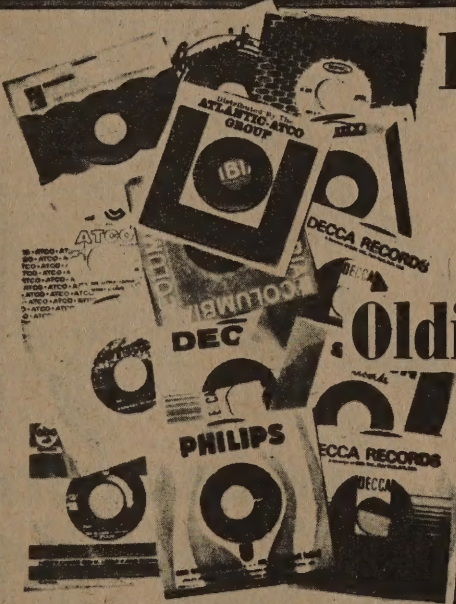
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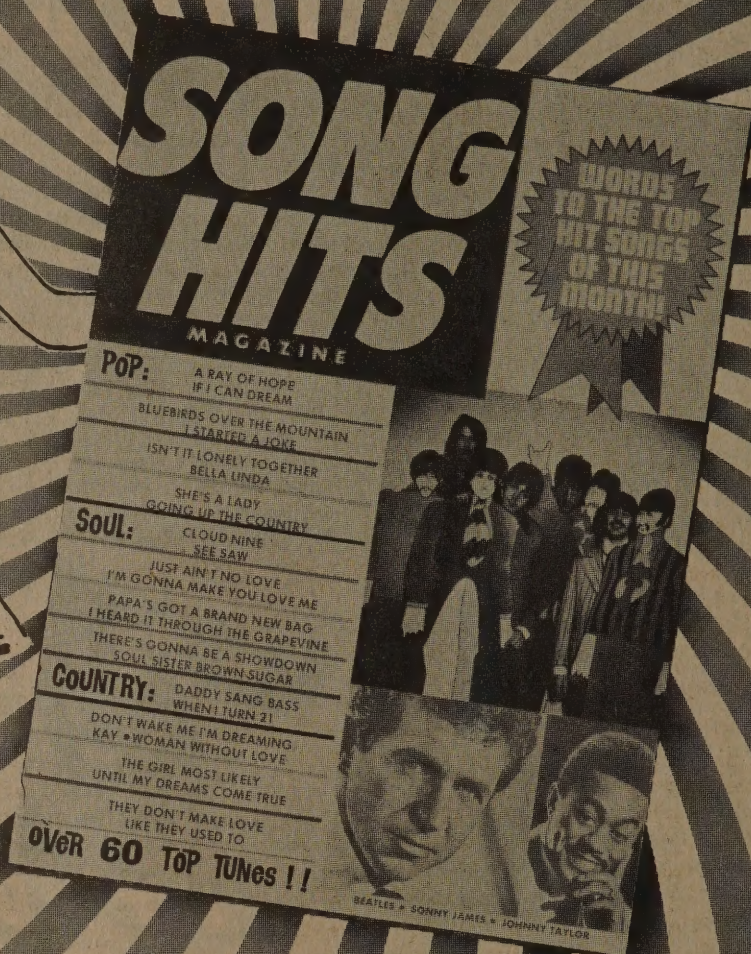
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the scene



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On July 29, 1968, a small, insignificant, easy-listening Jackson FM station opened a permanent inlet into Mississippi broadcasting. WJDX-FM went rock.

This, in itself, was enough to solicit immediate response pro and con, and prove that a gap in entertainment had been filled. An effective and appreciative following pledge their support through a large and continuing mail response.

Several Lamar Life Broadcasting Company personnel felt the change was inevitable, and that it would fill the needs of young Mississippians. They eventually convinced the Company that this kind of programming would increase sales potential.

The daytime format and record list is a blend of heavy songs from the charts and progressive rock. Excluding Saturday night, the nighttime programming is much the same. Saturday night is basically progressive rock.

WJDX-FM blankets Mississippi and reaches into bordering states. At the moment a new transmitter is being delivered to change our effective radiated power from 100,00 watts vertical to stereo and another 100,000 watts of horizontal power.

The personnel on our staff are: Milt Lawrence, program and music director; Allan Tynes, DJ, copy writer, station intellectual and bookie; Phil Seymour, DJ, assistant music director, promotion and station longhair; Art Reed, DJ; Fred Mitchell, DJ; John King, production.

Milt Lawrence, program and music director, is a "tuned-in" member of the establishment — without whose help this whole concept would face some tough going.

Allan Tynes, morning DJ and copy writer, uses his college education for everything but his job and comes up with commercials that are often more entertaining than the music.

John King, production, was once voted Jackson's most popular top-40 DJ. He has now turned his talents toward creating, from our copy and sketchy ideas, cart-ridge tape masterpieces.

Phil Seymour, afternoon and Saturday night announcer, assistant music director and director of FM promotion, has found that his college education and several years of fronting progressive rock bands have made him a big help.

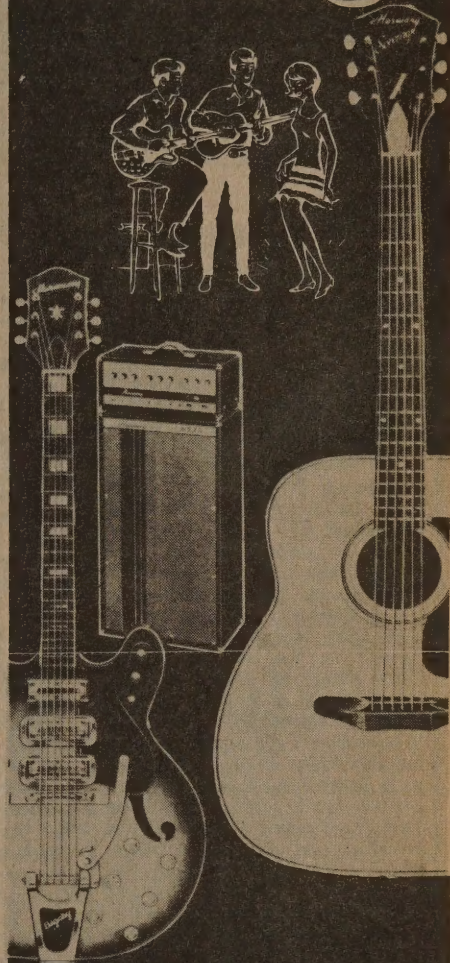
Art Reed, night DJ, was a former easy-listening announcer — weren't we all.

Fred Mitchell, weekend DJ, was a former top-40 DJ.

The future plans of WJDX-FM are to provide our evergrowing audience with the latest in music that best represents the concepts of young Americans.

We do not feel that FM rock stations will "destroy" top - 40 AM radio — it is doing the job rather well by itself. FM, pedantic and hackneyed though the phrase seems, is the NEW media for tomorrow. Incidentally, WJDX-FM has been on the air since April 15, 1948. We do feel that we appeal more to the young, educated audience. □

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HP-59





we read your mail

Dear Editor:

I would like to second the motion made by Dan Gersbach in the December 1968 issue about articles on the Texas scene. As stated, many creative musicians and groups are found in Texas. As Gersbach's letter referred to groups in the more southern parts of the state, I would like to inform your readers on the music scene around the Dallas-Fort Worth area. Leading groups are the Novas, the Chessmen, the Crowd Plus 1, and the Southwest F. O. B. (Free On Board,) among others. The Novas rely on a well polished vocal sound and are known for doing dynamic live versions of such pop songs as "Carpet Man," by the 5th Dimension; "Bus Stop," by the Hollies; "A Hazy Shade of Winter," by Simon and Garfunkel; and Dionne Warwick's "San Jose." With a heavier blues sound, the Chessmen feature a 17-year-old lead player who is well into the Blues after two years of studying B. B. King and other blues artists' albums. He plays Clapton verbatim on "Outside Woman Blues" and "Sunshine of Your Love." The Chessmen's interpretation of "Georgia On My Mind" has received standing ovations from Dallas and Houston audiences with their vast repertoire of show tunes, blues and soul, as well as a tight rock sound. They are known for expert stage presence and experience, and medleys going from ballads to soul (for instance, "The Shadow Of Your Smile" to "I Feel Good.") The Southwest F. O. B. have an explosive stage show, impressive from beginning to end.

Another suggestion to your great magazine would be to include more articles on equipment that major groups use, and pictures on stage, if possible. As a musician (lead guitar) I would appreciate such articles, and am sure that all other readers would do also.

I find that reading Hit Parader is a must to musicians, or anyone that wants to be up on the current scene in the music world.

Mike O'Neal
1308 Ficklin Ave.
Corsicana, Texas

Dear Editor:

Up until tonight I was mad at Tulsa radio stations because they insist on sickening commercials, top 40 songs, and boring deejays. We even lost one of our rock stations, which left us only one.

Now, the Tulsa University station, KWGS-FM is trying a risky venture. They are actually playing music that their listeners want to hear instead of what the station manager thinks is best. There are absolutely no commercials except public service messages. The deejay is great, and he doesn't wear out his welcome.

Tonight I just happened to turn to the station, and I don't know if they play this selection of songs just on Fridays or what. I just know that in the space of one hour I heard the Moby Grape, Big Brother, Jimi Hendrix, John Mayall, Jr. Wells, the Velvet Underground, "Albert's Shuffle" from Super Session with Mike Bloomfield and Al Kooper, and two versions of "Spoonful" the original with Muddy Waters, and a newer version by Ten Years After.

I think this station deserves praises and publicity. Please try to mention it in your magazine sometime; I know you are interested in encouraging stations like this one to begin broadcasting. Its call letters again are KWGS, and it can be received at 89.5 on the radio.

Sincerely,
Pat Cameron
5526 South Toledo Pl.
Tulsa, Okla.

Dear Editor:

This letter is intended to give your readers another point of view as to the merits of the LP, "Papa's and Mama's Presented By The Mama's and Papa's," to which you gave severe criticism.

I believe this LP to be the finest contemporary album release to date and the supreme achievement thus far of the magnificent Mama's and Papa's. How could you say that many of the cuts were "gimmicky," that the group somehow copied from Spanky and Our Gang, and that

these artists had lost their ability to sing "soulfully" or some such thing.

Lou Adler (producer) and John Phillips (composer and group leader unparalleled) assembled twelve compelling songs, taking the group's haunting harmonic sound and extending their musical bounds a step further. "Too Late," "Mansions," and "Safe In My Garden," reveal an emotional intensity, complex harmony, and lyrical quality unequalled, even in earlier Mama's and Papa's works. "12:30" is a glorious, autobiographical Phillips' song, excellently arranged, with an unbelievable vocal performance by Mama Cass. And "Semini Childe," the most unusual song John Phillips has written, is an amazing experience, opening in a Jimi Hendrix like atmosphere that culminates in truly incredible harmony, midway through the 4 minutes work.

The Mama's and Papa's excellence — their incredible harmony, meticulous arrangements and compelling original songs — make them the finest artists in music today.

And "Papa's and Mama's" shows that excellence as it has never been shown before.

Martin Abraham
Washington, D. C.

Dear Editor:

I would like to comment on Laura Nyro. In a few of your latest issues, you have had stories on her. I wish there were more.

I think she is by far one of the most talented young writers today. (Not, excluding, of course, Jim Webb.) Her latest songs, "Stoned Soul Picnic," and "Sweet Blindness" were fantastic. On the album, "Eli and the Thirteenth Confession" her work is truly displayed. It's too bad other teen magazines don't write many features on her. They are really missing something great.

I really dig your mag especially the features on songwriters. Other teen mags deal mostly with top 40 singers. Very few feature writers and other "behind-the-scene" people.

This is probably the reason many people buy your great magazine.

Of course, I'm not knocking top 40 singers. For instance, Aretha Franklin is the greatest Soul Sister, we have ever had.

Keep up the good work.

Birdie Rulaw
724 North Oak
Sidney, Ohio

Dear Editor:

In Hit Parader number 55 (February, 1969), you have an article on how Cream made "Wheels of Fire." The article is very good. There is only one problem. Felix Pappalardi seems to be proud of the fact that the studio album was dubbed so many times (on some tracks it was overdubbed as many as six times.)

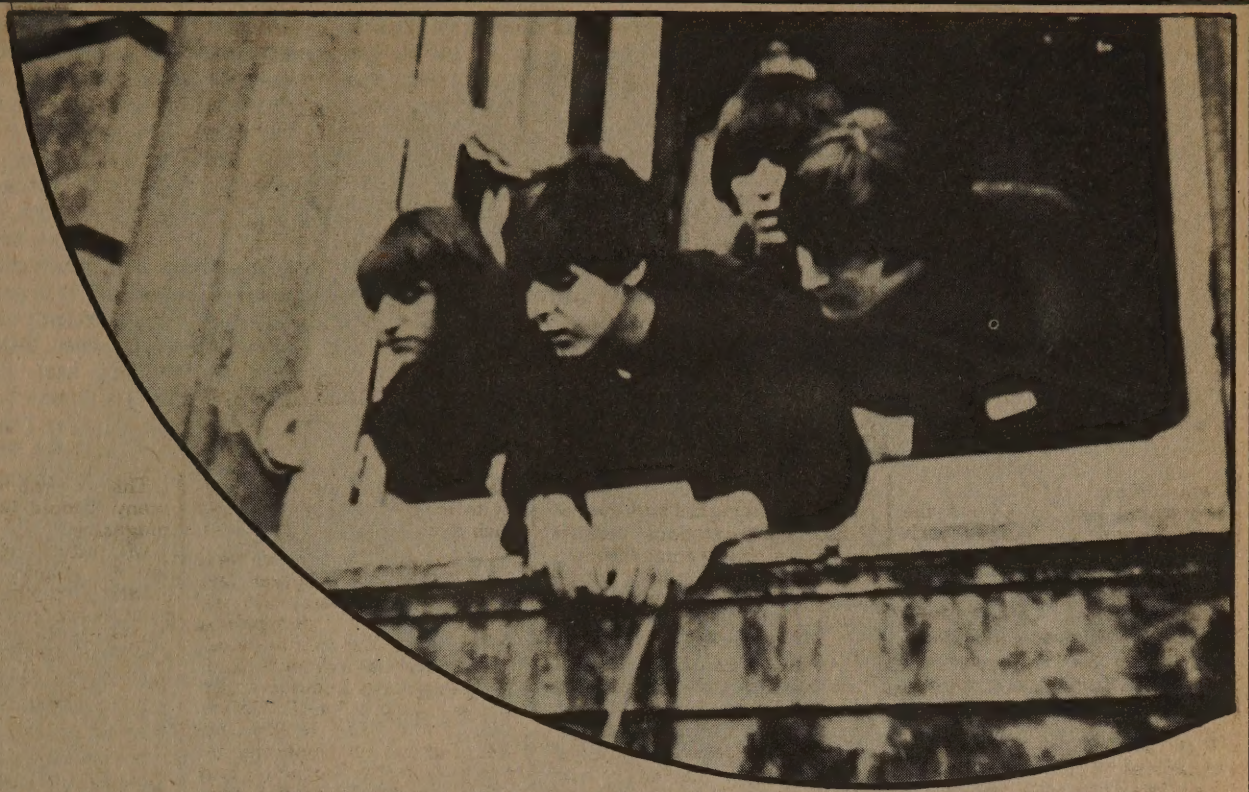
I feel that the studio album was a waste of time and money. Any amateur group can make themselves sound good by overdubbing six times.

A group isn't at their best (in my opinion) until they can play and sound naturally good and not studio good. The live album from "Wheels of Fire" is an example of what I mean.

This album has got to be showing Cream at their absolute best (without the use of overdubbing). On this album they are playing straight, gutsy, convincing, promising, uncomparable blues.

It's a shame that all of our present day supergroups are breaking up. Buffalo Springfield (with the talented Steve Stills) recorded their last album together. The Jimi Hendrix Experience with Mitch Mitchell, Noel Redding and Jimi Hendrix is also breaking up. Last but not least is Cream, with Ginger Baker and Jack Bruce and Eric Clapton. In Cream's case, however, if they had plans only to release studio albums from here on in, I'm glad that they're splitting from the scene.

Wayne Edwards
700 Morris Ave.
Bronx, New York



Rooting Out **THE BEATLES**

"...To Name the Unnameable Namer..."

Future archivists probably will have no trouble identifying the source of whatever felicity graces this era of history. The Beatles have set a high musical and social tone for this decade, and perhaps for the century.

Whether musically they are any better now than they were the day "Please Please Me" came rolling out of the hatchery is a question even I am not fool enough to try to answer. What I would rather talk about instead is a term I am possibly overfond of, *progression*--but artistic progression is something I believe in; and -- though I am in no position to get technical about it, or array "scientific" evidence -- I think that the Beatles' creativity is one of the most startling examples of artistic and social progression any of us have seen, in this incarnation, anyhow.

Okay, that is saying it for whatever intellectual, and Bergsonian, and mystic side I have.... The other side is even less rational--that movie is entitled *SOMEBODY TO LOVE* and stars me and at least 100 million or so girls, ladies, women, teenies, Eleanor Rigbies, kids, Straight Shooters, Lucies-in-the-sky--any Aborigine on "some Australian mountain range" who has a transistor radio--not to mention a fat handful of hyped-up, over-educated,

snobby musical leeches: self-styled rock and pop critics and... observers... for whom the Beatles are probably the only decent and fresh thing which has ever been allowed to enter their gunguey, un-transcendent lives.

The four supporting actors in this movie are known as John, Paul, George, and Ringo... or, as the newspapers and magazines like to put it--'Beatle John Lennon,' 'Beatle George Harrison,' 'Beatle Drummer Ringo Starr,' and 'Beatle Paul McCartney.' Just last week I happened to notice a newspaper doing this still--'Beatle John Lennon'--but, then, I suppose the media will soon be identifying our old warhorse as 'Former President, Lyndon B. Johnson,' if they haven't already... that's how *They* are... where was I; oh yes, the first time in history we had ever clearly gotten anything better than *They* had, perhaps since the beginning of Christianity (John's apt comparison will not be forgotten...), And, for a long time, *They* didn't even know it... (Some people call this menacing media-octopus the Establishment, but just *They* or *Them* is easier, and it gives less quarter...)

Yes, *They* didn't even know it; I remember one day along about January or February 1965, I picked up some very sophisticated hip slick glossy magazine that was supposed to embody

everything desirably avant-garde imaginable in the popular press, and an imbecile had written in there a column or something on popular music -- It was a kind of bow, or perhaps a nod, the magazine was making toward what *They* called "youthquake," (though it certainly wasn't youth that was quaking)--and the columnist was very hiply discussing the Trends and Shapers and Directions of Pop Music Today and--I could hardly believe my eyes--he was talking in terms of Lesley Gore and Paul Anka! I don't remember who all was mentioned in the course of this enlightening piece, but one thing I do remember QUITE EARLY is that The Beatles didn't figure--not once--(nor did the Rolling Stones, needless to say)--and this was after *A Hard Day's Night* not only had been released, but had received a raving review from the movie critic in that same magazine, a review in which the Beatles were personally lauded. Yet *They* refused to pay any attention to the music of the Beatles; most of the press were only concerned at that point--if they were interested at all--in trying to predict how long "Beatlemania" would last, and to determine if more little girls were fainting in Beatles concerts than used to faint at Elvis' shows, or at Frank Sinatra's... always the numbers and percentages... (We're still getting this kind of attitude today, by the way: in his recent review of Hunter Davies' Beatles biography, *Rolling*

Stone's editor Jann Wenner revealed that the most relevant aspect of the book for him was the discussion of how much money the Beatles made, how they spent it, how much their homes and their parents' homes cost, what kind of furniture they had and what they ate for dinner, and stuff like that. . .hardly a word about the chapters that dealt with musical creation.)

I am sure that my shock over that one magazine story back in 1965 was a turning point in my life: I desperately wanted to take some kind of action. . .but what? For here were millions of us centering our lives around the music of the Beatles, completely focused on a world to which they gave style and beauty, and where they were leaders and guides—and the channels of communication that I—an adult 21-year-old voting, taxpaying citizen—had a right to expect to bring me the truth—well, those existing channels were proving unreliable: were, in fact, failing us utterly. I didn't doubt that They would someday manage to catch up to what was really happening—it was only a question of *when*, how many years. . .it would take the communications links to adjust to the true *vox populi*. . .you know, it's a laugh, really, those musty old shadow-professors who are trying to tell us that media are ruling US. . .most of these great theorists have no idea of the fact that Chuck Berry—OUR choice—in addition to his purely musical gift—was probably the most perceptive sociologist of the 1950's. . .mapping out the charts of an ocean of rock and roll for us. . .riffing in the life story of

U.S.A. Teenager circa 1953-59, a kid who lived for his high school social life and the sock hops on the gymnasium floor, or pushing back the cafeteria tables at lunchtime, if your school granted that privilege; he didn't know quite what to do with himself during the summer ("Oh, Baby Doll") except drive around aimlessly ("No Particular Place To Go"), and maybe dash off a "letter to his local D.J. . ." requesting a certain swinging record by Little Richard, or Chris Kenner, or Bo Diddley, or Gene Chandler; who protested ". . .I don't hang around with no mob—got myself a little job. . ." but who, after school, maybe drifted into a rather scary teenage marriage ("Almost Grown"), partly to escape interfering adults ("...don't bother us, leave us alone! . ."), a marriage which ("You Never Can Tell" or did not ("Memphis") make it. . .who got drafted off to some limited war, and when he came back ("Too Much Monkey Business") everything started in to looking rather absurd. When Chuck opened his mouth one day in 1956 and decreed "Roll over, Beethoven, and tell Tchaikovsky the news!" a lot of people didn't even hear him, and some who did thought it was a pretty good joke; but very few, if anybody, regarded the song as prophetic.

"...which goes to show you never can tell. . ." and the well-respected popular social scientists of the 1950's—Packard, Reisman, Goodman, Ellis, and the rest—couldn't, they really couldn't. But the Beatles could; they well understood that Chuck Berry was a professor

without a Ph. D., and without an Institution, just himself and his guitar; by studying Chuck Berry, the Beatles learned more than a few riffs. They weren't the only group who did, of course: The Beach Boys extrapolated some things from Berry, too; but much less perceptively. When Berry talked about cars and stuff, it was as an involved but objective, humorous reporter of things as they are; but the lyrics of the Beach Boys were socially cramped, atmospherically narrow, lacking in perspective, and showed a disturbing tendency toward Cult and objectworship. In addition, Brian Wilson was, unlike the Beatles, a heavy admirer of the glee-club harmonies of older groups like the Four Freshmen, Four Lads, Crewcuts, and Hi-Los...even today the Beach Boys suffer recurrently from the Mitchell Boys' Choir Syndrome - Brian Wilson is a soft-boiled egg, and some people like soft-boiled eggs. But if I have to eat an egg, let be a hard-boiled one with salt and pepper, like John Lennon.

Fairly recently Lennon was quoted as saying that he hoped the group's serious study of Transcendentalist philosophy would, if nothing else, have shown that the Beatles had "something going on behind the eyes other than guitar boogie." It is possible the statement referred only to that particular point of religious experience; but the truth is, the Beatles have just about always had something more than that reflected in their music: In 1965, on the album *Beatles VI*, Lennon chose to sing two songs written by Larry Williams, one called





"Dizzy Miss Lizzie", out of the Little Richard mold, and the other, a song called "Bad Boy" which showed just how well John had been learning his lessons from Chuck Berry. "Bad Boy" was a story about a kid growing up in a Chuck Berry kind of world—an Anglicized, Liverpudlian version of which was the scruffy real world of the baby Beatles themselves; it was, —and here I have to take issue with Jann Wenner again,—fascinatingly useful to know about the precocious "bad little kid" childhoods of Lennon and McCartney detailed in the Davies book—that is, if you were at all interested in how those childhood years would foreshadow the shape of Beatle music to come. "Bad Boy" was the most sophisticated social comment Lennon had given us up to that point.

In case nobody has noticed it but me (and I think Hunter Davies at least implied it)—Lennon's social comment, reflection, observation—his actual embodiment of the spirit and atmosphere of this age—has always been more persistent and pointed, both in his musical verses and in his creation of the Lennon Books and the Lennon Persona—than has been McCartney's: There can be no doubt of the intense musicality surging through Paul's blood, and that is his focal point; he doesn't seem to have the need that amounts almost to a Lennon obsession to GIVE BACK his mundane surroundings, his milieu, even his cornflakes, in artistic form. In fact, the term "progression" probably applies somewhat more to John, in the social sense anyway. He commented at length in the Beatles biography about the unmedi-

tated spontaneity of a lot of his lyrics, and some readers of the book probably took the Lennon remarks at face value: It looked like a clear-cut case of—"See, there, fools; you've been reading a lot of drivel into his simple joke lyrics that were written partly just to show you up for the asses you are!"But I must point out that only a soul which is a true and sensitive social instrument could have conceived the idea of showing a segment of society its own absurdity, and then brilliantly executed the idea in black-humor songs like "A Day In the Life" or "Good Morning/Good Morning" or "I Am the Walrus" or "Revolution." After hearing a line like "...but if you go carryin' pictures of Chairman Mao/You ain't gonna make it with anyone anyhow..." no one can doubt that beneath the Flippant Hide, there is a calm reflecting pool, and in the center of the pool, a needle that registers tremors never dreamed of on the Richter Scale.

The only way I can think of to move over to Paul at this point is to say "...meanwhile back in McCartney-land..." but that seems fairly appropriate, because McCartney-land can become a rather distant country at times, depending on how receptive a mood you're in: "Penny Lane" can look like a Renoir painting: pretty, neat, slightly vulgar — oh, come to life, to be sure... "Eleanor Rigby" is — not seen — but viewed through the amber fragment of a stained-glass window... "Yesterday" and "For No One" are sentimental, charming etudes in melancholy...but those of us who have really been there know that true melancholy is de-

pression — a place where it is neither charming nor sentimental to find yourself...Elvis's "Heartbreak Hotel" was more like it. Paul knows this too, don't worry; but he's a kind person and would like to help people feel better — however, when he's down, he's really down: Little Richard probably gave McCartney the kind of base and inspiration that Berry gave Lennon, though both Beatles were deeply touched by both of these American artists — and also by Buddy Holly, and also by the Everly Brothers, Don and Phil, whose remarkable harmonic vocal variations — much more exciting than the Four Freshmen kind of thing — provided a profound influence: The first time I turned on the radio in the middle of "I've Just Seen A Face," I thought "Well... the Everly Brothers have finally made a comeback!..." And they had, actually — because what The Beatles had done was to take up the torch.

Even before he was composing with any sophistication, McCartney showed two distinctly separate musical proclivities: one, for sentimental, self-contained, high-patina ballads with a circular, tight-knit, no-holes shape, lighter than Lycra. These songs are like a girdle; you can stretch them or compact them, and they still snap back to shape, as long as the extension is careful; sometimes it hasn't been (The Fudge's "Eleanor Rigby") and the results have ranged anywhere from blah to yecch; but some of the trippier treatments of "Rigby," "She's Leaving Home," "Yesterday," and "A Little Help From My Friends" have

been successful, and even amusing to hear. The archetype of all these songs is "Fixing A Hole," which to me represents an almost perfect balancing through lyric, rhythmic and harmonic shapes of McCartney's musical and social philosophy, such as it is, and it really isn't too much -- Paul is hardly more than the average, pleasant, friendly, slightly frustrated nice Englishman, who is trying to understand how he got to whatever point he's in, in life, and what the World wants of him, and what he wants of it. . . . John, George and Ringo don't seem to have this problem of Acute Average-guyness so much--They're just THERE; but Paul apparently isn't entirely comfortable with himself as a Phenomenon; he always seems to be trying to work out some kind of a deal between himself and the World-at-large; in "The Fool On the Hill," he tried a little Transcendental Whammy & Arm-Twisting . . . but that didn't work. . . .

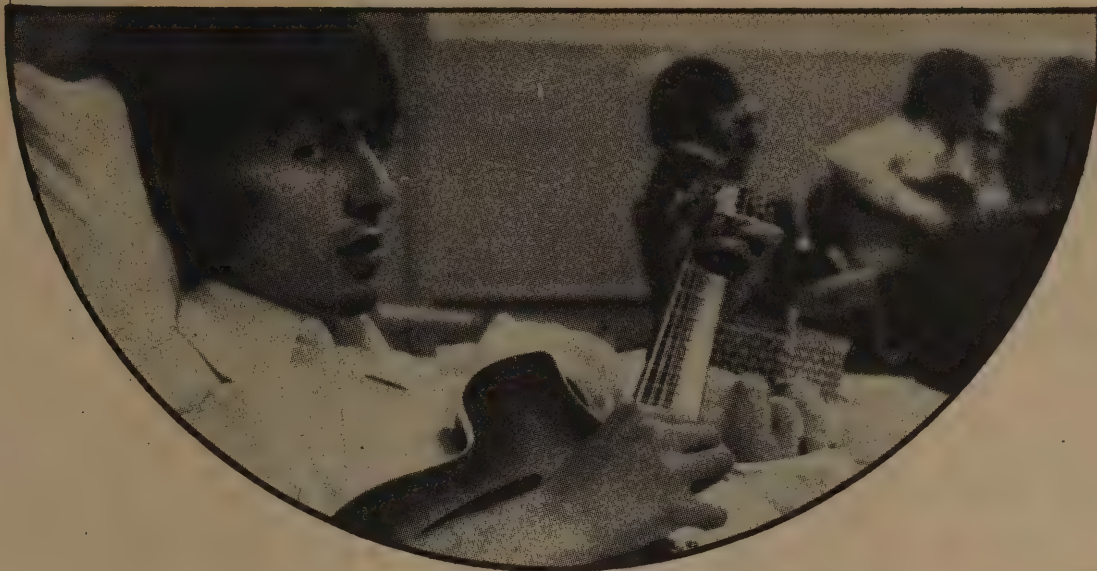
The only difference between McCartney and the average guy, of course, is that music doesn't come pouring out of the average guy's fingertips. . . . pouring out and weaving and tangling itself through all the strands and fibers of everyone's brain and nervous system -- Paul McCartney beating in your temples, quivering in the roots of your teeth -- McCartney snaking along your scalp and rippling down your spine

and shivering your ribcage and flowing across your hips and roping around your knees and ankles and finally curling up your toes, until all your seven chakras are blinking and buzzing like WIN on a pinball machine -- McCartney, "Here, There and Everywhere" -- which brings me to the other major mood emanating from Paul's musical soul; namely, soul music, American Negro rhythm and blues, the black man's ethnos. Now McCartney is a gentle bluesman; the soft blues -- even "I'm Down" with its superb Little Richard screams and wails -- But those are screams not gutty bellows. Soft ethereal, helium, cottonwool screams of a spirit in gentle, divine ecstasy: McCartney, like George Harrison, is a Religious Natural, like it or not. The Beatles do not make visceral music; their music shows no sweat because it is no sweat -- They passed the point of sweating somewhere before this incarnation. McCartney is, like his guide Little Richard, a divinely inspired blues preacher whose message is the sweetest, highest love imaginable: it is the 'super-sensual, extra-sensual spell of "Lovely Rita" and "Hey Jude" which have been called sexy songs, but only because we haven't a better word to describe what, in the 1920's Elinor Glyn coined and Clara Bow embodied on the Silver Screen as IT. . . . Paul McCartney's Other Persona is as rock and Pop music's

rosebud-lipped, bee-stung perfect IT-boy, and luckily for his self-preservation, the "When I'm 64," half of him is sitting back there in the wings, darning his socks, waiting to take over when the days of honey-man IT-ness end at last, as they must.

It would be pretty to end this chapter of the story on a poignant, McCartney-like note, but it would be distinctly unfair to George, and to Ringo, whose nearly faultless sense of timing makes him an ideal percussionist for the closely woven music of the Beatles. . . . (The only blues-rock drummer who impresses me as acting within a group structure even better than Ringo is Brian Keenan of the Chambers Brothers, soul white in that group of black diamonds; Keenan, like Ringo, keeps that delicate balance between flash and function, but in addition he and Lester Chambers create a percussion warp almost beyond human imagination. . . .) Ringo is also a fine vocalist with an American traditional style that is even more Western than Country -- probably learned from listening to records by People like Carl Perkins and Lightnin' Hopkins -- He has the most distinctive voice of all the Beatles, with a rich, loamy, plaintive and slightly flat tone quality remarkably reminiscent of the early Elvis. My all-time favorite Ringo solo is "Honey Don't" written by Perkins;





interestingly, the Beatles have had a hard time understanding how to write properly for Ringo's voice; I notice that a disproportionate number of his early vocal solos were not composed by Lennon and McCartney, but by Americans -- Ringo himself even helped with one of them ("What Goes On") -- but then, I don't suppose anyone ever asked Bacharach and David to write for Buck Owens' voice: It's really a test of versatility.

I have been saving for dessert my discussion of the thing that every normal American girl cherishes...a Favorite Adorable Beatle. In my case, it happens to be George, and has been ever since that scene from "Help" where, rescuing Ringo from a kidnaper car, from which

he had loosened a tire, George perches on a back bumper and then falls -- from the sudden shock of the car trying to move -- flat on his dumb adorable face in the sand. The scene didn't look fake, and nothing about George ever has looked fake to me. Lacking a technical vocabulary as I do, I would never be able to do justice to the giddy, feverish variety of George's guitar and sitar playing; his projection within the group has added an almost astral quality of purity and dedication; and, regardless of his controversial status as a composer, he has been personally responsible for bringing the tremendous bounty of East Indian music within the reach (if not the grasp) of Western popular music. Groups which might never

have had the chance to know about Eastern sound ideas have been able to make the Indian concepts part of their musical vocabulary, thanks to Harrison's pioneering; to mention them again, I am thinking particularly of the Chambers Brothers and their fantastically inventive "Time Has Come Today," a comparatively natural and full transposition of the East Indian Ethic into the blues and gospel style of the black Americans. . . a group like the Chambers Brothers might have been flourishing anyway today, but without George Harrison and the Beatles as guides, we probably would not be exploring, with the Chambers and others, and happy infinity that makes 'Today' comprehensible. □ brigitta

THE MOODY BLUES

Visit America



A GRAHAM EDGE
America is a very young country and at the moment all of its problems are coming to the boil. The generation under thirty years of age is actually the first to be truly American. The older generation, the establishment, came from other countries. They consider themselves Americans but with old country ideas. America is a beautiful country with so many natural resources and this has pitched America into defending the western way of life. But it's all happened a little too soon, before America could actually put its own house in order. Young Americans I've met are very fit and I believe things will be looking up soon. America will turn out fine.

I see a very healthy influence coming from American pop music. Jimi Hendrix is angry and frustrated but the idea behind it is right. Bob Dylan is quite bitter but what he's saying is right. Paul Simon isn't being critical or saying things are wrong but his comments are quite right. The sum total of these

commentaries are very telling and show that the first generation of true Americans will be a gas.

The establishment doesn't want to let go. They can't understand this upsurge of nationalism. In a way it is nationalism but not Americanism in the way the establishment sees it. It has to be one America because we've driven from Chicago to New York and we've seen the countryside. God, it was fall, and Pennsylvania was incredibly beautiful. The trees, the colors, the gentle rolling hills. I could see why your ancestors would put on a coonskin hat and pick up their squirrel rifles and just go into the forest. Man, it's incredible in America. It just draws you like a magnet. People living in a country like this have to turn out all right. There's too much around and it has to rub off.

I love poetry but most of my favorite poets have gone into songwriting. It's the only way they can make a living actually. I don't go for the beat poets too much because it's too personal for

me to grasp. I regard Bob Dylan as a great poet. I love his stuff and the poets I read are all the old ones like Longfellow and Shakespeare. It's dangerous to admit that because I may be labeled a square but they've been around a long time and there must be something to it. Shakespeare was the daddy of them all, wasn't he? He said it all.

I'm finally getting into Dylan Thomas, but I find the language very difficult. The same with Alan Ginsberg. It's all down to this language barrier which probably causes a lot of Anglo-American problems. We don't make allowances for the fact that we are two different societies despite our common language. We forget that Americans are foreigners and you forget that Englishmen are foreigners. Foreigners do make mistakes in other countries.

I am the drummer for Moody Blues but I love to write words. I just write poems actually, without the music. The one I'm proudest of is on "Days Of Future Past." We write all our material in



the recording studio. I'd love to reach the point of success where I could lock myself in a recording studio for nine months of every year and spend the rest of the year writing.

Right now I want to finish a book I'm writing. It's a science fiction novel about extra-terrestrial beings that land on earth to make repairs. They have a defense system which works on low mentalities. And earthman gets through the defense system quite easily and the aliens try to figure out how the earthlings did it. They discover that man had been ruled by a society long ago that used a similar defense system. They see that the human establishment remained in the stone age compared to where many individuals were at. You see, we've got to do something about the establishment. We've got to fix it or we'll just keep stagnating.

MIKE PINDER

The Moody Blues broke up two and a

half years ago because of personality clashes. We were always arguing about the music. Graham, Ray and myself carried on after the break up. We found that we were still on the same wave length.

We gave everything up for a while and re-organized with John on bass and Justin on guitar. We went to Belgium and rehearsed for a month and got some jobs in Paris.

John was actually in the original Moody Blues five years ago before we made it. He left the group to finish college. He also joined another band for a while. A few months later when the band broke up, we got him to re-join. We found Justin when he was doing some things with Eric Burdon. We talked for a while and decided he was perfect for the group.

We were disenchanted with our original producers. After "Go Now" they started to release unfinished album cuts in an effort to meet record company deadlines. At the time, we were working

hard on the stage and they wanted us to come up with hit singles in the studio in a couple of hours. That was impossible. So, we just sat there and watched everything crumble around us.

As a group we've now reached a very happy medium. We still have arguments but something good always comes out of them. Our new producer, Tony Clark, travels with us now wherever we go. He's very close to us. He knows our music and how we work on stage. We felt it would be very important for him to experience everything with us in America. This two months we'll be spending touring America will largely influence our next album.

While we're here, I hope to see Simon & Garfunkel and Jefferson Airplane perform. I'd like to talk to some of the guys from Buffalo Springfield too. I want to mingle with a lot of people here.

That's sort of hard to do in England. It's hard to find people in the music business that are deeply involved and sincere.

Since "Go Now" we've managed to get away from the commercial aspects of music. Now, we can do just what we please. So far it's been successful. We write all of our music now, and every note is sincere.

When we sat down to do "In Search Of The Lost Chord" we wanted to do a good follow up to "Days Of Future Past." We wanted every note and word to be written by ourselves and we also wanted everything to be played by us. We wrote most of the material during the session. While one of us was overdubbing the vocal, somebody else would be in the back room working on another song. We were very pleased with it.

When we made "Days Of Future Past" we had time to sit back and listen closely to it. There were let downs in it. Same with "Lost Chord," but it was much better. We'll apply the experience of these two albums to our next album which we begin in February. It will be quite a challenge after this American tour. We'll be taking two weeks off after the tour to think the next album over and then we'll go into the studio and let it happen.

I'm quite happy with our studio in England. They've had a chance to improve on it and install 8-track equipment. We use Decca's studio where they record all of their classical music. It's become like home. The climax of Moody Blues is in the recording studio.

The first music I remember hearing was Al Jolson. My sister loved him. From there I moved on to people like Bill Haley and the Comets, Elvis and the skiffle groups which were big in England. I played piano and guitar in a skiffle group for a while.

Now we draw quite a bit on traditional English folk music. Justin has been heavily influenced by that because he loves from Wilshire where the King Arthur legends originated. I also love Wagner, Beethoven and Bach.

There's an English tradition that moves me and most English youth. I'm proud to be English and I'd say most young English people are. It's a different pride than the older generation that has survived a couple of wars. The young people are saying "We've got a great place to live, we're all in the same boat, let's make the best of it." English people do a lot of traveling and when they see the rest of the world, they realize how good England is.

In general I'm proud of England's strong tradition. The thing that makes an Englishman is his reserve which is very traditional.

There are several groups in England that are very English. They have this traditional thing that only an English group could encompass. One group is called the Honey Bus. They're into a



medieval thing. The Beatles too have a lot of English in them.

It's difficult to say how much of England has rubbed off on us because we spend a lot of time in France. There's a tremendous emotional thing in France. The French are very romantic. They love ballads and they cry with their music. That's probably why we made it in France. We do some very sad numbers. I've heard a lot of French music and it's all like that. They love deep love songs.

I simply want to keep on being successful at making music and albums and improve as a musician.

JUSTIN HAYWARD

I met the Moodies about two and a half years ago. We got along very well right from the beginning.

So far I've written about twelve songs



with the Moodies and my favorite is "Knights In White Satin." It was a very quick song and the melody came first. It's about a girl I like very much followed by a second section about a group on stage and the audience. The melody came to me one night and the next night the lyrics just fell together.

I usually write like that. A melody suggests lyrics to me after a while. "Knights" was number one in France

for quite a while. The French love that kind of song.

Everything I write is from personal experience. I was brought up in the country and a lot of my thoughts go back to my childhood which was fantastic. I had a very happy childhood. My parents were beautiful and it was such a happy time. I draw from that feeling a good deal.

My favorite writer is Paul Simon. I'd say he's very English. He must love England and I'd really like to meet

him. He writes about America quite often like on the "Bookends" album, but it's as though he is an outsider. Like, he does that song called "America" and he's off in search of it. I think Traffic are very English writers.

We're preparing now for our next album. We're getting a lot of experiences down but we won't start writing until we get home. It's very comfortable to write in familiar surroundings. □

STEPPENWOLF

MIKE MONARCH *Guitar*



The five members of Steppenwolf were in a photography studio on Santa Monica Boulevard in Los Angeles, standing in a random fashion against a white background, posing for group pictures.

The photographer announced a break while he changed background colors, replacing the white backdrop with orange. Minutes later he was ready to resume shooting. But now there were only four present. Where was Mike Monarch, the guitarist?

Mike had wandered off again. Nearly every rock band has a "quiet one," and Mike is Steppenwolf's. Sometimes his silence takes him physically away.

"He's probably at the market on the corner," said John Kay, the leader of the group. Someone was dispatched to the corner market—finding Mike buying food. Mike is also the member of Steppenwolf who likes to buy food, although his narrow frame offers no testimony to this activity.

Mike returned to the studio and shared his paper bag full of fruit and nuts. Steppenwolf sat on the orange backdrop and conducted an "eat-in." Mike had little to say.

Another time, he had talked—about growing up absurd in Los Angeles, about finding his way to Steppenwolf, and what the band's success meant to him.

When talking about Steppenwolf's rise to the top of the record-buying charts, the words came tumbling out. "Success came kind of fast, I guess, but it was slow, too. Day-to-day. It wasn't overnight. If it had come overnight, I would have been surprised, because I would have been surprised, but it wasn't a surprise, so I wasn't surprised."

"It's really a weird situation—making it," he said. "I've always thought about being with a group that was making a lot of money and was known and had albums out. I've thought about how the group would sound, what it would mean. I've thought about this for years."

Michael Allen Monarch is just 18 years old. He was born in Los Angeles, his parents' second son (his brother is double his age), where he has lived in the suburban San Fernando Valley and Hollywood. His parents started him on piano lessons

when he was seven, but later he switched to drums.

Mike studied drums for two years, before picking up a guitar, which he taught himself to play. This was while he was in school, and like so many others his age he started forming small groups.

"My first group...well, we called ourselves the Beatles," he said. "There were just two of us—acoustic guitar and drums."

Mike was in junior high school then. The two-man band did not last long and Mike said it should not be confused with another rock band by the same name.

Once Mike had dropped out of school and moved into Hollywood, he played guitar in several small groups, none of which remained together for long—groups like Canterbury Tales and the Great Walrus Flying Band and Circus. At the peak of each band's career, they played infrequently at Hollywood's smallest clubs.

It was in early 1967 when he met the musicians he would later join to form Steppenwolf. At the time they called themselves the Sparrow.

"I met them at the Tropicana Motel in Hollywood, where they were staying," Mike said. "Then I started sitting in with them at the Galaxy."

Later that year the Sparrow broke up and three members of the band formed Steppenwolf, asking Mike to play lead guitar.

Now he is the "silent one," sharing the guitar playing with Steppenwolf's lead vocalist, John Kay, but usually playing lead.

"I thought about this for years," he said. "When it happened, I saw how different it could be from what I thought about. The only difference is it isn't what it could be. If it were what it could be, it would be like making dreams reality. The group's different. That's all."

"Things will change and I'll change too," he said. "Probably for the worst. That's a premonition. But what's worst for one is better for another. Now it's good. I'm making a lot of money now and I don't have to worry about things. That's good."

All of which is enough talking for one day in the life of the "silent one." It is time to wander off again. □





Two Views Of DONOVAN For Believer ...For Non-Believer

Andrew Carnegie must have turned over in his grave. There they were, thousands of freaks sitting on the steps, grooving in the lobby, filing into the red velvet seats of Carnegie Hall. In bells and fringe they were, in smiles and floppy hats. It was midnight and they'd come for the annual Donovan concert in New York.

Donovan lives in a Tatoo Tree, a place of his own creation. It's a fairytale castle filled with gypsies, gurus, tiny winged insects, sad lovely young girls, meandering meistersingers and song. It's a beautiful place to visit, and you might even want to live there.

He strode to the front of the stage and sat down, crosslegged on a rug, adjusted his acoustic guitar on his knee and began to sing. The feathery dreams were drawn, pretty tunes wafted over the hall like incense. There was a generous sprinkling of old and new tunes and soft little half-witticisms in between. Hellos to all the Beatles and a chorus of "we love George." He did a chant to the drone of a harmonium. Mellow Yellow, Retired Writer in the Sun and a song about his shirt, a dumb, funny song. Don loves his shirt and his shoes, in fact, he loves his wardrobe. And we loved him, skinny, gawky, soft, silly, and romantic. He made us forget for a moment the clear and present changes we're all going through, the troubles that preoccupy those of us that can't afford to live in a Tatoo Tree.

You could almost ignore the subtle phosphorous glow the TelePrompter cast ever so slightly across his face and the flowers that were piled up to hide it. You could almost forget the press conference earlier that week when it was easy to see through it all.

"Hope you can come and talk with me informally and stay for a cup of tea at the Plaza 9 at 3:00 PM on Friday this week. My best, Donovan" read the telegram. I jammed it in my jeans pocket and took a bus uptown. There were over a hundred reporters there and if I never before believed in such a thing as the rock and roll press establishment, I do now. Don arrived, strode to the front of the room, sat down and waited for questions. The going got a bit thin and he'd hum "da, da, dum" in between questions. "What sort of girls do you like to go out with?" one asked. "Oh, I dunno... luscious, curvaceous..." And like that.

Somebody began asking him about his philosophy and as if he'd turned a prepared tape on, the scrawny bard from Great Britain began pontificating. ("wishing is half a thing done," "every marriage is broken by the lack of gentleness..." and like that). It was silly but it was really rather amusing that someone could be so naive to think that New York's finest would buy it for one moment. Funny thing about New York. They buy anything for entertainment. But they're a bit more demanding when it comes to reality. In the room were the same people that had disposed of Maharishi quite abruptly, once he stepped beyond a paying audience. And the darling disciple of the big M was getting to be a bit much. Perhaps it was the fault of the reporter who, with every good intention, asked him about politics. Don replied that he was most disturbed to see the youth of this

country embroiled in all that violence. He asserted in all seriousness that things were getting better. "Young people are reacting to all the bad news they hear. They turn on the telly and see the six o'clock bad news, the seven o'clock bad news and they don't hear all the good news. There's a lot of good news".

"What is it, for heaven's sake," I demanded. "Well," he began disarmingly, "how do you feel" (he baited, I bit) "Fine, I guess." "Well that's good news..." and with that he thought he dismissed the whole thing. My congenital inability to keep my mouth shut when I'm irritated was winning out. I don't remember exactly how the tirade which followed started (funny because I started it) but I remember accusing him of being deliberately irrelevant. I didn't believe for a moment that he could be so coolly innocent and so contemptuously indifferent to the very clear and present idealistic conflicts that are disturbing this country's young people.

"Many of us have the impression that you're somewhat of a recluse," I began. "Is that true?" "No, but I'd like to be," he replied. Which is precisely where it's at, I later decided. Donovan is a star, wealthy and protected by managers, press agents and various attendants a star accumulates. The pastures inside his head are lush and comfortable. But that kind of situation cultivates a lack of perspective, it doesn't exactly relate to a world which demands a great deal of soul searching of anyone who thinks and confronts anyone who cares with conflicts. It's my impression that Donovan doesn't really care. I think he used to. I remember the very real questions his earlier songs used to raise. And in his later songs the rich complexities he'd weave. The new Donovan is a bit simple, all caught up in lyrical fantasies and evanescent silliness.

I have fantasies too. I still dream of castles by the sea and retiring in the sun. I often think

that crickets are truly magical creatures and that they create the very best of music, even better than the slip of my own senses which makes symphonies out of traffic jams and soliloquies of my lover's footsteps. Donovan articulates my fantasies ever so eloquently. Each phase of his progressions has delighted me more and more. His early albums, though they rang about the edges of Dylan, never really suffered by comparison. His later compositions, moving in and out of Beatle inspired modes were portraits, odd tales, indictments and blithe dippy ballads, all gentle and tenderly committed. All of which I lovingly appreciate. But it did seem reasonable to expect him to be realistic somewhere along the line. When confronted with a press assemblage he might have shown some glimmer of awareness, especially when it was well apparent that he wasn't fooling anyone there.

Any Donovan audience in this country has seen flower power wither and go to seed. There was a summer in which the dream blossomed but the winter of discontent brought it to the cutting room floor. Everyone still holds desperately to their dreams. But underneath it all in the mind tangle created by the presense of dreams and the pressures of reality is a big question mark. The question mark is a characteristic of our age which has become a reality of our time, as Western civilization passes through young adulthood concurrently with the most voiciferous, dream inspired young adult generation any age has ever spawned. And a question of values, though it may not always be pleasant is the first step in a positive direction. It hurts a little when a star we've elevated fails to acknowledge that struggle.

I'm not used to this image thing Donovan is pulling. While not every popstar I've met is a paragon of down home pleasantries most of them are honest, some arrogantly so. The pretense got on my nerves and I still haven't shaken loose. Peter Winkler, a fellow popwriter once

wrote (in reference to Donovan) "I don't mind having popstars for gods, I just wish they weren't self-appointed." I daresay I quite agree. ellen sander.

Donovan sat on a couch in the sunlit living room of his temporary Los Angeles home, resting almost equidistant from an Aretha Franklin album ("Lady Soul") playing on a phonograph and a small Buddha figure squatting silent in an Oriental garden visible through the living room window. His positioning was almost perfect, for his music has approached each of these poles, and a number of others besides, and he seems now to be centered among all of the extremities of his style, aware of all but trapped by none, younger than he used to be. The conversation began with my observation that the crowd had seemed noisier at his Hollywood Bowl concert than it had last year.

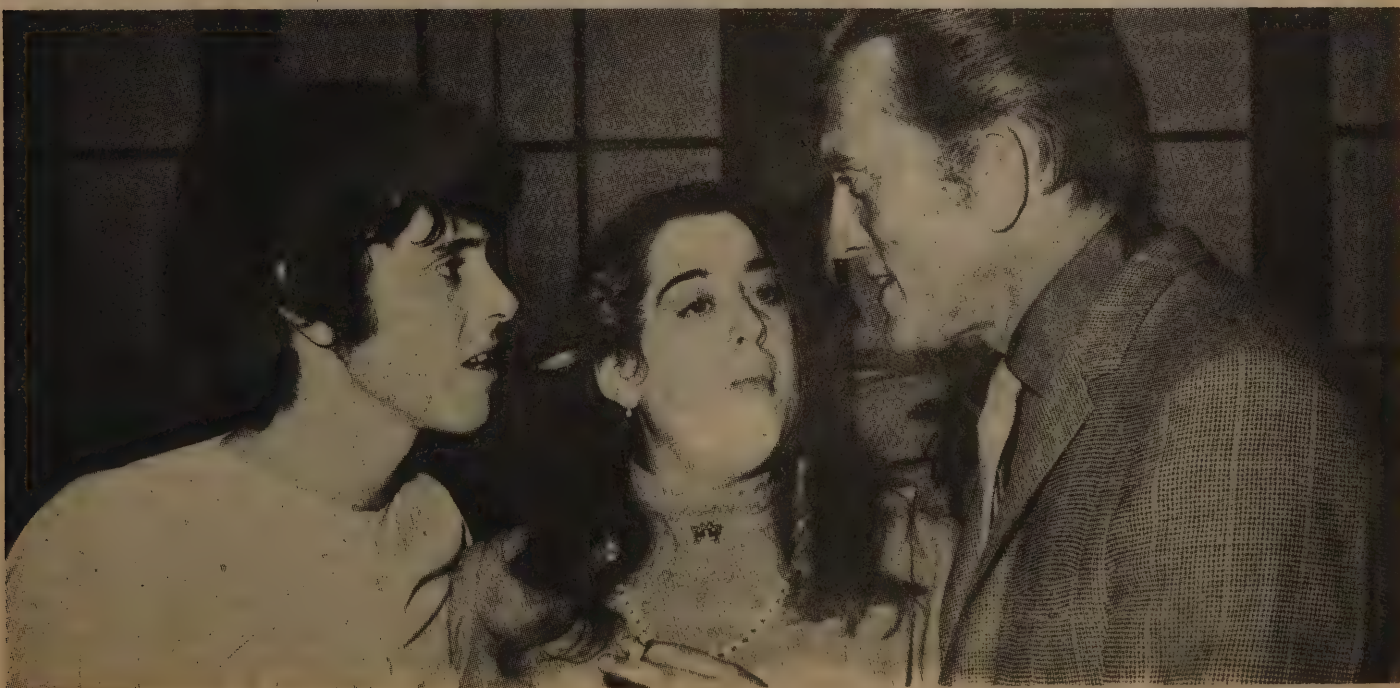
Donovan: There were a lot of different reports from different parts of the Bowl. My feeling - and I can really feel it, I don't get an impression of noise - I just felt that everything was cool.

HP: Would you like to keep performing by yourself?

Donovan: It's like returning to how I used to be. Suddenly it was hootenanny time again. And if you will look closely at all the groups, underneath all the various groups are folk musicians who put in a few years before they were ready.

HP: And you wanted to go back to where it came from?

Donovan: It would go into a new thing but it would be reminiscent of how man could speak to an audience. But in the old days there would be 500 people that you were singing to. If you can do the same thing with





27,000 people, than that shows that the contact is great, very close, which is nice. The only musicians I want to play with in the future are friends, brothers, family. If I have a band it might not be a solid band. I want to play with the best and the best don't want to be tied down - I don't want to be tied down. So we just want to come together. When everybody's on the same label, perhaps. We have an example in Stax. We have an example in Motown, things like that. Apple is striving for that. No matter what house we come under, all the musicians and the people that I love, we'll be able to do it.

HP: I understand you have thought of touring with John Sebastian and Graham Nash, swapping songs and so forth.

Donovan: If you get everybody into that and everybody would swear allegiance to the brotherhood of songwriters sort of thing...

HP: Do you think that's possible now?

Donovan: Oh yeah. Everybody ran away from what they were doing and hid in their own little things and now everybody's climbing out again, wanting to work, wanting to gig.

HP: A lot of groups seem to be disintegrating now.

Donovan: It's two things. They didn't know what they were or who they were. Graham Nash was greatly surprised when I turned around and told him he was one of the major songwriters of the generation. And he was in

a group, but he is the mainstay of the group, he was the center in it. So you had all these groups with all these sleeping musicians in them and they've broken up. And I think the progression of music is such that it's got to expand, you've got to meet people and touch them and influence them and let them influence you. I've got a few things up my sleeve that'll pull it together.

I'm younger than most of them. You can't do it physically, you can't throw open your arms and say, "Come on around." 'Cause they've all got their scenes, everybody's got his story. But if it were under one house then I'd love that. If a tour came up, or a record, you'd just get the secretary of the place to phone up and say, "Do you want to make it, man," "Do you want to make it," "Do you want to make it?" Then every date would be different 'cause you'd be minus one or plus a musician who wasn't in it before. And you'd get a different sound every night. That's where it's at, the variety, the ever-changing variety of groove that we want, not the same sound all the time.

HP: Your records have been through considerable changes in sound.

Donovan: The people I've met influenced me, obviously. I got influenced by what I was listening to and by the people I was meeting, for instance John Cameron, the arranger, or jazz musician. But really it was little snatches of records that would determine where I went with my music and my dreams. Before I made

the "Mellow Yellow" album, I played the song ("Mellow Yellow") to myself and I knew it was reminiscent of good-time, so I said, "I'll have that," "I'll have that," "I'll have that." It was me, you understand? So if you get two or three people sitting together and they start with the idea of a song and they add things, I don't know what's going to happen. This is the element in music that is so beautiful. You don't know where it's going to go. So you're sitting down for a recording session and there's the freedom in music, constant improvisation.

HP: You must write a lot of songs you never record.

Donovan: I try to catch up. That's my hang-up. I write more than I can possibly record. I'd like to beat that one day by having a little scene of my own where every time I make a song, I just put it down. 'Cause right now I have to go to the studio to do it. I've got probably 20 songs unfinished, just a taste, a verse. Every songwriter does it, then maybe never goes back to it. It might be a couple of weeks before you say, "Oh, that's what I want to say in that one, right." Click. 'Cause you store them up.

HP: You have been quoting from W.B. Yeats at your concerts.

Donovan: He fires me. I just see everything in his writing.

HP: Who else do you like?

Donovan: Tennyson, in a way. But I like fairy tales with dirt under their nails. Although the fairy tale things I've written. . . Like "Guen-evere," it's very detailed, it's like the Huckleberry Hound type cartoon compared to Disney's lish. Living in "Guenever" is like living in Disneyland compared to Yeats. But I like that detailed tale.

HP: Do you still like working in that form?

Donovan: Yeah. I see that anyway, in Scotland especially. I see little wisps of mist hanging around plants. It's very fey in Scotland. In the islands it's very fair and you can see it's not like it happened 400 years ago. It's there now.

HP: Where do you live now?

Donovan: North of London in the country. A little cottage, 16th century cottage, probably as big as one of the bathrooms in the Hollywood homes. It's tiny.

HP: Do you have any pets?

Donovan: Yeah. I've got a little cat called Lily and Lily's had a couple of broods. Right now we're keeping a male of her last set of kittens. Two doves - I think they're father and son because the mother died. And 18 chickens - I think there are less now because of the fox. The fox is a friend, too, but I'll have to have a chat with him. I don't mind him taking a couple of chickens but. . . I live in a place which is, in the summer, filled with insect life, which is great. And then all of the creatures of the forest are friends.

I love natural history. I'm a natural historian. When I write about a seagull or some grass or something like that, people don't think of it as naturalists. I'm just turned on to nature. I see nature all the time but they attach it to philosophy or religion. Because for someone to sing about something like that is sissy in a

city. But it's changing, which is great, 'cause all the young kids are going to change that. They're feeling the grass and the birds non-religiously. But out of that comes a true religion, a beautiful appreciation of the earth.

People who think doomey about the 20th century, they don't know but they're putting another chain on it. Because the hope and the work they put into making it so is what changes it. You don't just say, "I'll sit back and read what they say in terms of Egypt and it'll work out like that." You've got to put a bit into it and that's why I'm a hope merchant. I'm just going around and I'm very positive about it all.

It doesn't hang me up at all, Vietnam or anything like that. I understand it and I'm sad-filled at times because I'm compassionate toward great suffering, but the sad bit is that there's not enough people who feel that positive way. Maybe again it's because I'm a bit younger than most of the writers. I feel hope for my world. I know the kids feel it as well, which is great, because they know.

HP: Do you still enjoy performing?

Donovan: It's great. I always maintain performing. The nation seems quieter to me this year. The way I feel about it is that I'm here because a generation is, a group of generations demands it, just as the Beatles are here. It's the generation that is the Beatles and is the Donovans. So what I watch is how they're getting on. 'Cause I know how I feel about it and I know what it is. I can write about it and they don't.

When I began I was just a young writer and I didn't know nothing and they started heaping all this praise and criticism on me and really a young writer shouldn't get that because I hadn't even begun to begin. Now I can safely say that I can begin to learn my craft, but only after his length of time and only after all those changes. Nobody who hasn't handled big lumps of money and been successful knows

what a hang-up it can be at times. It's a strange marriage, the artist today and the business side of the thing, 'cause you've got great evil beings walking hand in hand with little saints like John Sebastian. My record contract comes to an end in about 18 months. So really in about 18 months, two years, I've got a clean slate. Which is beautiful because perhaps, if everybody is still hanging around and not doing it, I can maybe begin getting everybody together. I shall work for that. We need a big studio, that sort of thing.

HP: Are you tempted to write anything besides songs?

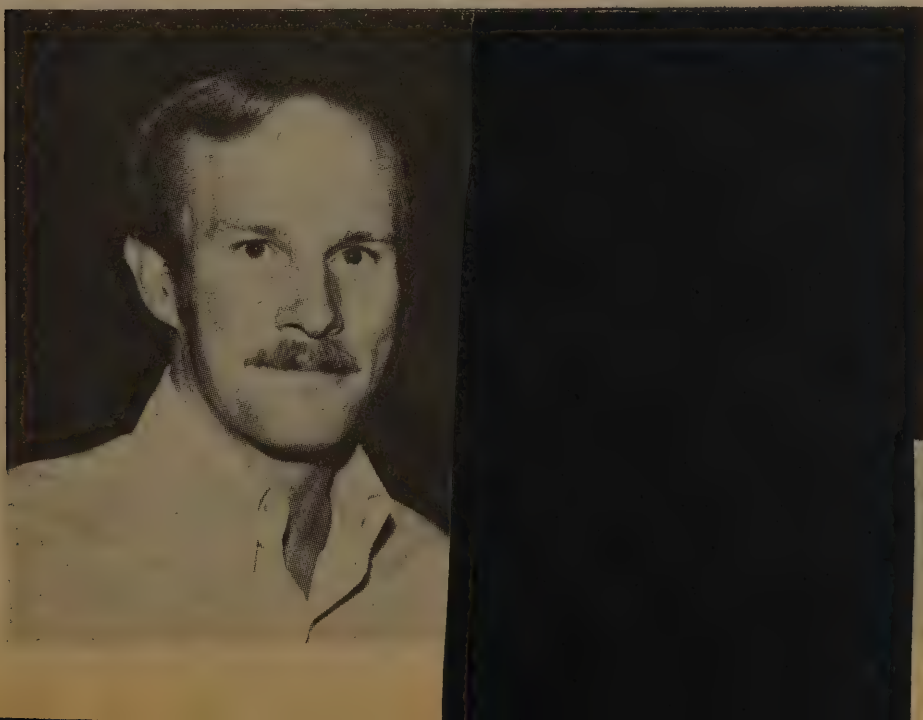
Donovan: Yeah. I'm going to publish a book in the spring, perhaps a few. Perhaps one of already-recorded songs so they can be in poetry form although I'm going to sling a few out 'cause I think they're no good as poems and they only stand up as songs. And then a separate 'nother book of dry poems that have no music to them. And a couple of drawings of mine. And then perhaps I will defer the canterburies because I do two-line poems sometimes. I wake up in the morning with great revelations, you know, and write them down. But they're not really . . . just observations. And there are other ideas. I want my father to publish a book of photographs of me that he's taken since I was nothing. So from nothing to 15, say, the photographs are really crazy. 'Cause he photographs every day 'cause he was a photographer semiprofessionally, and they're really funny.

HP: Have you done much work on a new album?

Donovan: I've got a bunch of songs. I can make an album nearly every month if I went in to do it. It takes three months sometimes to make an album, and there's only four of them in a year, so other than being in the studio full time I could never record all the songs I write. I'm trying to get around to that. I'd like to do it, but recording is such a long process. You don't just go in and put it down, you've got to mix it, do that and so on.

HP: Have you finished any tunes for your next single?

Donovan: One of the tunes is called "The Giggle," which is about a boy who is discovered in the bath with his girl by her mother and her brother. And the other song is called "To Susan on the West Coast Waiting," from a fellow called Andy in Viet Nam writing under a tree in a rain-soaked woods. It's like a protest song but not. I think it's the way soldiers feel. They're passive, very accepting. It's a letter from Susan's man at war, supposedly hating. I wrote it because of the Stones' single ("Street Fighting Man") and the Beatles' single, "Revolution. It really isn't hard protest. Because even in the violence there's a peace descending. And another is. . . I don't know what it is yet. I just got some stupid words together which I hope will become a song when I get in there. It's like an old rock 'n' roll song, a love song. □pete johnson



BUDDY MILLER



Interview With **BUDDY MILES**

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The first time I saw him was at the Monterey Pop Festival with Mike Bloomfield's Electric Flag, but you could tell at once the enormous black percussionist who thundered out that frantic rhythm had been around. That he has, with Wilson Pickett, Otis Redding and many other greats from which he's absorbed a great deal. He started playing professionally when he was nine years old, doing gigs in a local nightclub in Omaha. He gigged all the way through high school earning his living and is proud of the fact that his parents never had to buy him anything but that first drum set on which he began to play at age nine. He's just turned 21, signed a fistfull of contracts and assembled a big brassy band built around five members of the now disbanded Electric Flag. And if I thought about it at all at Monterey in '67, I now really know that he's about the best American drummer in rock and roll today.

Q - How did you like working with Wilson Pickett?

Miles: *Very strange. He's crazy. I sometimes get the impression that he's tough because he likes to push people.*

Q - How come?

Miles: *Just on g.p. (general principles) because he didn't like my actions. Because all the other guys could get his*

attention and I didn't pay much attention to him.

Q - What happened between Wilson Pickett and the Flag?

Miles: *I got it (heard it) once from Harvey Brooks that Wilson got mad at Michael Bloomfield and asked him why he took his drummer (meaning Miles)*

Q - When did you meet Michael Bloomfield?

Miles: *About 2 1/2 years ago after the last show I did with Pickett. It was like a flash. I was having too many hassles with Pickett. I was going to play with Mitch Ryder, too, but I went with Michael. The flag started almost two years ago. I had been with Pickett about eight months. Took us about three months to get together. Then we had only about two months to get ready for Monterey.*

Q - Whatever happened to Nick the Greek who was with the Flag at first?

Miles: *He was an outasite singer.*

Q - He didn't stay with the band too long did he?

Miles: *He came back.*

Q - Were there any difficulties when you signed with Albert Grossman?

Miles: *Well I wasn't even supposed to be in the band in the first place. I was told by Harvey Brooks -- he told me as we were driving down Fifth Avenue one night before the final decision was made that they didn't want*

any brothers in the band because of uh, conflicts. The next day I went over to the Albert Hotel and talked with Michael and Barry Goldberg and he called Albert (Grossman) and Albert had seen me play (I had sat in at a jam session a couple of nights before with Eric Clapton and Larry Coryell and Elvin Bishop and others. Albert had seen me and told me he liked my playing and the next thing I knew I was with them. But I don't think it matters. Something happened. I don't look at situations like that because I don't want to -- that's a racial crisis and I don't want to be considered like that. I want to be considered as a man that just wants work.

Q - How about the question as to whether a white boy can sing the blues as well as a black boy?

Miles: *You don't have to be black to sing the blues.*

Q - Or play the blues?

Miles: *No.*

Q - The reason I asked is because a certain critic has been kicking that around for months and it's really giving me a pain.

Miles: *Well he has a good reason to think that.*

Q - What?

Miles: *He's never had the blues. He doesn't know what the blues is about*

and he doesn't know what music is about. He seems to think that he does but if he did he wouldn't criticise people the way he does. If a person didn't think that he couldn't do any better he wouldn't be around. I think it's wrong to criticise a person like he does. There are better ways. I realize that he's trying to be correct to the best of his knowledge but as far as I'm concerned you just don't downrate a person like he does.

Q - Are you talking specifically about his feud over the question of white bluesmen?

Miles: Yes and there's others. Me for one.

Q - He was into you? What for?

Miles: He called me a King Kong or something. I realize I'm big and I'm proud of it. I'm sure my mother and father are proud too cause they done it. It just so happens that I dig food.

Q - Your band is into a number of things including, but not exclusively, blues. Does there seem to be a general tendency away from strictly blues bands now that there are so many of them?

Miles: Everybody doesn't play blues correctly. There's a lot of groups that adds the name 'blues band' but they don't really know what its about, a lot of them.

Q - Are your arrangements charted or do you improvise a lot.

Miles: I hum parts and Herbie Rich and I do the arrangements. Herbie writes.

Q - What were some of the things you did before you put together your own band?

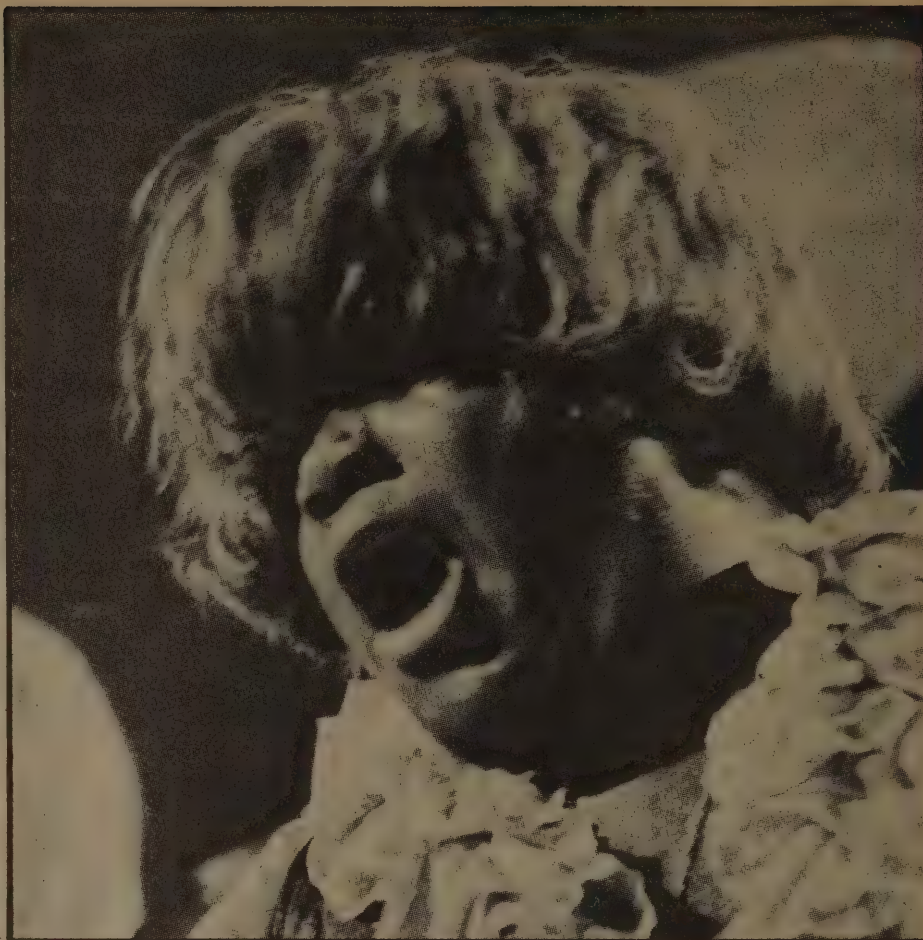
Miles: I was going to put a group together with Steve Stills. Me and Steve Stills and Eric Clapton. Stevie Winwood was going to put a group together with me, too. I did some demos with Steve Stills last summer but that was just for fun.

Q - Are you happy with the band now?

Miles: We have a long way to go. We need more tightness and fullness, it has to be played. Time will take care of that. Right now I'm very uptight because one of my horn players is very ill and I'm going to have to let him go.

Q - Was the album cut live?

Miles: No, I think that was bad. I wish we could have cut live. It had to do with the studio. This was our first album and we just sort of experimented and it didn't turn out really the way I wanted it. There are some good points on the album and there are some bad. As a whole it's a fair first album - though it could have been a lot better. Time had something to do with it, to an extent we were rushed. We did the album in five days and all the music is there. But the mix was rushed.



BUDDY MILES



Q - I should think it would take less time to cut live than it would to overdub portions.

Miles: *It does. But the studio we were in didn't have the facilities we needed to cut live.*

* * *

Speaking of cutting it live, I can't remember who cuts it better live than the Buddy Miles Express. There's a full rich funky sound and the big black bear hisself, souling and howling through "I Got You, Babe" "Got The

Love" "I Love Lucy" and some original tunes. Buddy does an interpretation of Otis Redding's "Don't Mess with Cupid" that is just inspiring.

That Buddy, he beats the drums black and blue while Jim McCarty goes through some incredible guitar work. Herbie Rich charges up the scene on organ and his brother Bill thunks out a solid bass line. Horn section is Marcus Doubleday on trumpet, Terence Clements and Robert McPherson on reeds and Virgil Gonsalves, who plays sax. Ron Woods plays drums in back

of Buddy because Buddy likes to get up and sing, moving to the edge of the stage, right up close to the audience, leaning forward and digging on the little girls in the front rows. He's dressed in velvets and satins and colors and cool and he's just so outrageously alive. He'll swagger and smile, he'll close his eyes and croon the blues and he'll open them and belt you out of your seat. He's mean, man, which means heavy and he's bad, real bad, which means he's great, and the same goes for that big brassy band he's put together. □ ellen sander.

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• CALIFORNIA SOUL

(As recorded by the 5th Dimension/
Soul City)

NICHOLAS ASHFORD
VALERIE SIMPSON

Like a sound you hear
That lingers in your ear
But you can't forget from sundown to
sunset

It's all in the air
You hear it everywhere
No matter what you do
It's gonna get a hold on you
It's California soul, California soul.

They say the sun comes up every morning
And if you listen carefully
The winds that ride on the high tide
whistle in melody
And so the people started to sing
And that's how the surf gave birth untold
It's California soul, California soul.

When you hear the beat you wanna pat
your feet
And you've got to move cause it's really
such a groove
Puts a brand new kind of thing in your
mind
And you can't go wrong cause you're
happy all day long
It's California soul, California soul.

They had the melody and the beat
But it still doesn't seem complete
Until they saw two lovers kissin'
They knew just what was missin'
So happy they were rockin' and reelin'
Because that added that lovin' feeling
To California soul, California soul
Like a sound you hear
That lingers in your ear.

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• ISN'T IT LONELY TOGETHER

(As recorded by O. C. Smith/Columbia)
R. STEVENS

Everyday it's easier to see that you're
gonna be a mother
Oh so here we are honeymoon, hotel room,
married to each other
And the smile upon your tremblin' lips is
brave

But it don't cover up those tears you've
cried

And though I'm tryin' hard all the empti-
ness I feel is just too big to hide
We've got nothing in common but our
name, and our shame

And the blame for letting passion through
this flame burn wild

And now we've got to cover up the fact,
with an act

To atone for our mistake and to protect
the child

Oh we've agreed to try, to try and live
a lie

I think it's all in vein
We're just not birds of a feather
Isn't it lonely together.

We've got nothing in common but our
name, and our shame

And the blame for letting passion through
this flame burn wild

And now we've got to cover up the fact,
with an act

To atone for our mistake and to protect
the child

Oh we've agreed to try, to try and live a
lie

I think it's all in vein
We're just not birds of a feather
Isn't it lonely together.

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• THE CANDY KID

(As recorded by the Cowsills/MGM)

TONY ROMEO

Feelin' so depressed
I wasn't up to getting dressed
It was a Saturday night and I decided
against a party
There was Christmas in the air
And you could feel it everywhere
And it kinda brought me down
Cause I felt I just wasn't real

It was a candy kid from the mission on
the Bowery

A hobo sent a-working for the Salvation
Army

Come drop a nickle in the kettle
The candy kid will dance your troubles
away.

I headed on down to the center of town
Where folks were shopping around and
all the colored lights were pretty

And suddenly I could hear
So loud and clear

Such beautiful music and the rhythm was
happy

(Repeat chorus).

Watchin' him move
People can't help but groove

And they were clappin' their hands and
singing

Come on candy
While we were courtin' the scrow

It may have started to snow
I don't know, I don't know

My happy soul was diggin' candy
(Repeat chorus).

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

●SHAME SHAME

(As recorded by the Magic Lanterns/
Atlantic)

LINDA COLLEY
KEITH COLLEY
KNOX HENDERSON

Love was the game
And fool was my name
I thought you'd know wrong from right
But you ran to his arms tonight.

I was your clown
But he's been around
You'll call him up on your stage
But he's acted out every page.

I thought you'd know wrong from right
But you ran to his arms tonight
Shame, shame we had a good thing baby
Shame, shame he doesn't love you baby
Shame, shame he'll only break your heart
And leave you standing out in the rain
Shame, shame.

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Music, Inc.

●ELECTRIC STORIES

(As recorded by the 4 Seasons/Phillips)

M. PETRILLO
S. LINZER

I can tell electric stories
Electric stories that will surely blow your
mind
People find that I can tell electric stories
very well
Stories of love
Stories of love

I knew a man
He had a girl who loved him more than
he could stand
I don't know why it is
A man prefers to love a girl who isn't his
You know it's true
But listen to me girls
I'll tell you what to do
Punish them all

To keep your man you drive him up
the wall
I can tell electric stories
Electric stories that will surely blow
your mind
People find that I can tell electric stories
very well
Stories of love
Stories of love

Now this here girl
The one whose man left her to look
around the world
She heard my story now
Took my advice
And all her love affairs were fine
Then came the day
The man she loved returned to take her
breath away
She made him cry
She made him beg her then said goodbye
I can tell electric stories
Electric stories that will
Electric stories that will surely blow your
mind
I can tell electric stories
Electric stories that will surely blow your
mind.

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●LO MUCHO QUE TE QUIERO

(As recorded by Rene & Rene/White
Whale)

IBARRA
ORNELAS
HERRERA

Believe me when I say how much I love
you
Believe me when I say how much I care
Forgive me, give me peace of mind
All I need is time to prove my love for
you.

Qui siera que supieras vida mia
Lo mucho que te quiero y que te adoro
Tu vivas en mi pensamiento y ahora me
arrepiento si yo te hice llorar
Yo nunca te hablo a ti con la mentira
Yo siempre te hablo a ti con la verdad
Quisiera que olvides el pasado
Que vuelvas a mi lado
Que tengas con pasion.

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●THE GIRL MOST LIKELY

(As recorded by Jeannie C. Riley/
Plantation)

MYRA SMITH
MARGARET LEWIS

Papa worked but his check was small
Mama sewed just to help us all
And our house sure needed paint
And when it rained the roof would
leak.

Well, the teacher's pet was Susy Grout
Born with a silver spoon in her mouth
Miss Goody Two Shoes in a college
sorority
And I was little Miss Nothing and they
thought of me as....

Chorus:
The girl most likely, yeah, the girl most
likely
To wind up in a uh-hu-uh jam
They judged by the way I looked
Not the way I am.

Well, I guess it's true I look the part
But developing fast was not my fault
Didn't know my sex appeal showed
through
Those made over clothes and run
down shoes.

Now, doctor's son is hiding out
And the whole town knows what it's
all about
Because evidence is planning
Ha - it ain't me it's
sHa - it ain't me it's Susy Jane.

Chorus:
The girl most likely, yeah, the girl most
likely
Susy's dad is on the run
He sure looks funny with a hot shotgun.

Well, the wedding bells can't wait till June
It better be now or else real soon
Susy Jane is in a jam
Hey, listen to that gun go wam wam wam.

Well, some of that talk has gone down
And it's a lot of most likely in this town
Just because a house needs a coat of paint
That don't mean a girl is something she
ain't.

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●HOOKED ON A FEELING

(As recorded by B.J. Thomas/Scepter)

MARK JAMES

I can't stop this feeling deep inside of me
Girl, you just don't realize what you do
to me

When you hold me in your arms so tight
You let me know everything's all right
I, I'm hooked on a feeling, high on
believing
That you're in love with me.

Your lips are sweet as candy
The taste stays on my mind
You just keep me thirsty for another cup
of wine
I've got it bad for you, girl
But I don't need a cure
I'll just stay addicted and hope I can
endure.

All the good love when we're all alone
Keep it up, girl
Yeah, you turn me on
I'm hooked on a feeling, high on
believing
That you're in love with me.

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●I'M GONNA MAKE YOU LOVE ME

(As recorded by The Supremes & The
Temptations/Motown)

K. GAMBLE

J. ROSS

J. WILLIAMS

I'm gonna do all the things for you
A man wants a girl to do, oh baby
I'll sacrifice for you
I'd even do wrong too, oh baby
Every minute, every hour
I'm gonna shower you with love and
affection
Look out it's comin' in your direction
I'm gonna make you love me
Yes I will, yes I will
I'm gonna make you love me
Yes I will, yes I will.

My love is strong you see
I know you'll never get tired of me, oh
baby

I'm gonna use every trick in the book
To try my best to get you hooked, oh baby
Every night, every day
I'm gonna say
I'm gonna get you, I'm gonna get you
Look out boy cause I'm gonna get you
I'm gonna make you love me
Yes I will, yes I will
I'm gonna make you love me
Yes I will, you know I will.

Every night, every day
I'm gonna say
I'm gonna get you
I'm gonna get you
Look out boy cause I'm gonna get you
I'm gonna make you love me
Yes I will, I believe I will
You know that I'm gonna make you love
me
Yes I will, yes I will.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•SLOW DRAG

(As recorded by the Intruders/Gamble)
KENNY GAMBLE
LEON HUFF

Hmm, closer I wanna be closer to you
I'd like to get close
I'd like to get close
I'd like to get close to the one I love
Oh baby, I'd like to get close to the one I love
So I slow drag
My girl she ask me how come I don't do the boogaloo
I told her baby cause I can't get close enough to you
I told her that's the only dance that I'd like to do
It's a dance I can hold her yeah and steal a little kiss or two.

Oh baby, I'd like to get close to the one I love
So I slow drag
I'd like to get close to the one I love
So I slow drag
My girl she asked me out to the party
Her friends told her that I was a drag
Just because I don't do the dance the way they want me too
Can't they see that I'm in a different bag
Oh baby, I'd like to get close to the one I love
So I slow drag
Ooo hold me close, hold me closer to you
And all you gotta do is squeeze me baby
And hold me closer to you.
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•YOU GOT SOUL

(As recorded by Johnny Nash/Jad)

JOHN NASH
Well, I can tell by the way you walk
You got soul
Yes sir, I can tell by the way you talk
You got soul
I can tell by the way you kiss and when you're holding me like this
You got soul
Baby you got soul.

Well, I can tell by the way you move
You got soul
I can tell by the way you groove
You got soul
You got somethin' deep inside
Nothing in the world can hide
You got soul
Baby you got soul.

Oh soul is-a hard to find
A-come on now and let it be mine
A-let yourself agree and give all your love to me oh!

I can tell by the way you dance
You got soul
You got somethin' that you need most
A-something that'll never grow old
You got soul
Baby you got soul.

Soul, oh baby you got soul
O baby you got soul.
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•I STARTED A JOKE

(As recorded by the Bee Gees/Atco)
BARRY GIBB
ROBIN GIBB
MAURICE GIBB

I started a joke
Which started the whole world crying
But I didn't see that the hoke was on me oh no
I started to cry
Which started the whole world laughing
Oh if I'd only seen
That the joke was on me
I looked at the skies
Running my hands over my eyes
And I fell out of bed
Hurting my head from things that I said
'Til I finally died which started the whole world living
Oh if I'd only seen
That the joke was on me
Looked at the skies running my hands over my eyes
And I feel out of bed hurting my head
From things that I said
'Til I finally died which started the whole world living
Oh if I'd only seen
That the joke was on me
Oh no that the joke was on me
Oh oh oh oh.

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•CROSS TOWN TRAFFIC

(As recorded by Jimi Hendrix Experience/Reprise)

JIMI HENDRIX
You jumped in front of my car
When you knew all the time
That ninety miles an hour, girl
Is the speed I drive
You tell me it's all right
You don't mind a little pain
You say you just want me to take you for a drive
You're just like crosstown traffic
(It's so hard to get through to you)
Crosstown traffic
(I don't need to run over you)
Crosstown traffic
(All you do is slow me down and I'm tryin' to get on the other side of town.)

I'm not the only soul who's accused of hit and run
Tire tracks all across your back
I can see you've had your fun
But darlin' can't you see my signals turned from green to red
And with you I can see a traffic jam straight up ahead
You're just like crosstown traffic
(It's so hard to get through to you)
Crosstown traffic (I don't need to run over you)
Crosstown traffic (All you do is slow me down)
And I got better things on the other side of town.

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•JUST AIN'T NO LOVE

(As recorded by Barbara Acklin/Brunswick)
EUGENE RECORD
CARL DAVIS

Now I know why the sky is blue
It sees the sorrow and the heartbreak in you
If she's everything that you don't see
Do you wonder why you're in misery
If the sky don't have eyes
Tell me why does it cry
Just ain't no love
Just ain't no love
Just ain't no love in this world at all.

So much hurtin' and takin' of life
But oh paradise what could it be like
All my love is like a grain of salt
But like mountains ever were it every man
There are tears in my eyes
I hurt so deeply inside
Just ain't no love
Just ain't no love
Just ain't no love in this world at all.

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•WHITE HOUSES

(As recorded by Eric Burdon & The Animals/MGM)
ERIC BURDON

White houses in neat little rows
Contrasting against the sky
Tumble down black shanks over the tracks
Children so hungry they could cry
Chrome, the steel, the metal dream
Leaving the TV to rot
The escapist young mind, left behind
Saving dimes for community pot
You better get straight
You better, you better get straight now
Ah you better get straight right now
Better get it, you better, you better get straight now.

They're crying out for love all the time
But they fail to see their neighbors' eyes
The TV is on six o'clock news
Channels focal of lies
The company meets, the president speaks
He's young, but his bones creak
Young girl dresses for the high school dance
And the guy next door is dying for a peek (He gets fresh)
You better get straight
You better, you better get straight now
Ah you better get straight right now
Better get it, you better, you better get straight now.

Before the Bible in the drawer of the motel room and it's cryin' to be read
But it stays right there collecting dust
No one understands what's being said
Lovers make love in country boxes
What will tomorrow bring
They been told that it's wrong
But they don't give a damn
Soon another life it will bring.
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

• CRIMSON AND CLOVER

(As recorded by Tommy James & The Shondells/Roulette)

PETER LUCIA
TOMMY JAMES

Oh now I don't hardly know her
But I think I could love her
Crimson and clover
Oh wished she'd come walking over
I'm waiting to show her
Crimson and clover over and over
Yes, my, my such a sweet thing
I want to do everything
What a beautiful feeling
Crimson and clover over and over
Crimson and clover over and over.

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• "THERE'S GONNA BE A" SHOWDOWN

(As recorded by Archie Bell & The Drells/Atlantic)

GAMBLE
HUFF

Say man, they tell me you think you're pretty good
Don't you know you're in my neighborhood
They tell me you're pretty fast on your feet
So I want you to meet me at the dance hall on Market Street, you hear
There's gonna be a showdown
There's gonna be a showdown, showdown, oh yeah.

I've got ten notches on my shoes
When it comes to dancin'
I just can't lose
They call me the top cat in this man's town
So I want you to meet me before the sun goes down
There's gonna be a showdown
There's gonna be a showdown, showdown, oh yeah.

All the girls are losin' faith in me
Don't seem like top cat's great as he used to be
I know I'm good
So you better be better
When you get out on the floor
You better have your steps together
There's gonna be a showdown
There's gonna be a showdown, showdown, oh yeah.

Now my reputation has been one of the fastest men alive
So I'm gonna see how good you are when I count to five
(One) oh man, you better step
(Two) You can do better than that
(Three) Man will you move aside
(Four-Five) And let me get out here and do my jive
There's gonna be a showdown
There's gonna be a showdown, showdown, oh yeah.

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• CINNAMON

(As recorded by Derek/Bang)
GEORGE TOBIN
JOHNNY CYMBAL

Sneakin' down your alley way
And knockin' on your door
Thought I had enough but I'm back for more
Cinnamon let me in
Knock, knock, let me in
I won't go away
Oh uh, uh
I'm gonna see ya
If it takes all day
Oh uh, uh
Cinnamon let me in
Sha la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

One potato, two potato, three potato, four
Open up Cinnamon I want more
Five potato, six potato, seven potato, eight
Give it to me Cinnamon
I can't wait.

You can't hide girl
I'm comin' inside girl
Do what you want do
Baby I'll let you
Might as well face it
Cinnamon you know I'm gonna get ya.
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• FEELIN' SO GOOD

(As recorded by the Archies/Calendar)
JEFF BARRY
ANDY KIM

Look-a over there
Sunshine in her hair
That's my girl, her name is skoobedoo
Don't you like her smile
Don't you like her style
You know I'd walk a mile for skoobedoo

Oh my skoobedoo
I do what you want me to
Oh my skoobedoo
You got my only head a-reelin' all the time

Feelin' so good (so good)
Feelin' so good
And oh my I love you
Skoobedoo, I love you
I said skoobedoo
Ooooooooooooo.

Diamonds and rings
Presents I could bring
Wouldn't mean a thing to skoobedoo
Sunday after mass
Picnic in the grass
Diggin' Mama Cass with skoobedoo
(Repeat chorus).

Any time at all
I want to have a ball
All I do is call my skoobedoo
She can make me laugh
In a minute and a half
Yes I'm going daff with skoobedoo
(Repeat chorus).

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• SHE'S A LADY

(As recorded by John Sebastian/Kama Sutra)

JOHN SEBASTIAN
She's a lady and I chanced to meet her in my scuffling days
She's a lady, hypnotized me there that day
I came to play in my usual way
Hey floating along with a whimsical twinkling in her strange blue eyes
Linger with me, she said, yes, and oh the time did fly.

She's a lady, give her time
For she's allowed to change her mind
She's a lady, happy to say she once was mine only sometime
I remember old times
And when she says you can guess it's a dress you bought for me
Would you come zip me up and button up my sleeve
Oh lady, lady of ladies
I remember days that've gone by
It was raining daisies.

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• IF IT WASN'T FOR BAD LUCK

(As recorded by Ray Charles & Jimmy Lewis/ABC/TRC)

RAY CHARLES
JIMMY LEWIS
As I was waking up this morning
You know I felt pretty good
I began to stretch and yawn
Just to see if I could
But all at once I got a funny feeling that something's going wrong
I began to look around for my woman
That was it
The girl had packed up and gone
Tell you if everybody went to heaven
I do believe, I do believe I would miss the call
If it wasn't for bad luck chillin'
Oh if it wasn't for bad luck chillin'
I'd have no luck at all.

Got a tip on a horse someone gave me
Pawned my last suit to make a bet
Put every dime I had on him
And you know he ain't showed up yet
Tell you I got so disgusted
Said I'd go back home and sleep some more
By the time I got back to my room
The landlord had padlocked the door
Tell you a slow horse and a fast woman
Oh they sho let me fall
If it wasn't for bad luck chillin'
Oh if it wasn't for bad luck chillin'
I'd have no luck at all.

Said I'd jes go out walking
Now wait a minute even that failed
Some man snatched a purse way cross town
And they put me in jail
Tell you I jes don't understand it now
I believe there's got to be some kind of explanation
I ain't done nothing wrong
But they put me on two years probation.
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•MY BABY SPECIALIZES

(As recorded by William Bell & Judy Clay/Stax)

ISAAC HAYES

DAVID PORTER

For whatever I need
I know where to find a he
Whose arms I know are mine
And oh what a joy divine
Now he was made for my lovin'
And I can't live without his huggin'
Cause my baby specializes in love that satisfies
My baby specializes in love that satisfies.

Now my baby's love's all right
I need it every day and every night
And my baby's kiss is so nice
I have to ask for 'em twice
Now he has his love degree
And love to satisfy me
Ooh my baby specializes in love that specializes
You can't find this at the North Pole
And you don't get it in the Far East
I get satisfaction from my soul
Now he's dynamite
To say the least, ooh
My baby's got his point across
And know I know that he's the boss
And now I'm willing to follow him
Any wonder I can't, ooh, forget him
Cause my baby specializes in love that satisfies.

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•SWEET CREAM LADIES

(As recorded by the Box Tops-Mala)

BOBBY WEINSTEIN

JON STROLL

Sweet cream ladies, forward march
The world owes you a living
Sweet cream ladies, do your part
Think of what you're givin'
To the lost and lonely people of the night
Out of need they seek direction for their life
They will love you in the darkness
Take advantage of your starkness
And refuse to recognize you in the light.

Sweet cream ladies, forward march
Think what you're providing
Sweet cream ladies, show your starch
What's the use of hiding
Tell the socialites to look the other way
It's instinctive stimulation you convey
It's a necessary function meant for those without compunction
Who get tired of vanilla every day.

Sweet cream ladies, forward march
Puritans ignore them
Sweet cream ladies, do their part
Sweet cream men adore them
Let them satisfy the ego of the male
Let them fabricate success to those who fail
And should penalties pursue them
When there's really credit due them
They might keep the simple fellow out of jail.

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•I FORGOT TO BE YOUR LOVER

(As recorded by William Bell/Stax)

WILLIAM BELL

BOOKER T. JONES

Have I told you lately that I love you
Well if I didn't darling I'm sorry
Did I reach out to hold you in my loving arms
Oh when you needed me
Now I realize that you need love too
And I'll spend my life making it up to you
Oh I forgot to be your lover
And I'm sorry, I'm so sorry.

Have I taken the time to share with you
All the burden that lovers bare
And have I done the little simple things
To show you just how much I care
Oh I've been working for you
Doing all I can
But work all the time don't make me a man
Oh I forgot to be your lover
And I'm sorry
I'll make it up to you sometime.

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•FIFTY-TWO PER CENT

(As recorded by Max Frost & The Troopers/Tower)

BARRY MANN

CYNTHIA WEIL

Hey mister, one drive two car four kid communter
You with the mortgage and the haircut
So smug and content
Wake up now if you can
Don't you see you're out numbered man
Yeah baby there's a new establishment and it's my brothers, my sisters, my troupes, my people
We got something goin'
The whole country is our testament
Fifty-two percent
Babies you and me we're a power
We're a faction in their great society
So come on brothers, sisters, my troupes, my people
We got something goin'
This whole country is our testament
If we just pick our spots
Soon we're gonna call all the shots
Just remember we're fifty-two percent
Just look around you'll see
Now we're in the majority
We made it we're fifty two percent.

We're fifty-two percent, they write the TV shows for us
We're fifty-two percent, they design their clothes for us
We're fifty-two percent, they play the songs we dig
We're fifty-two percent, and we make big business
Big fifty-two percent, they know we set the trends
We're fifty-two percent, and their economy depends on us.

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•MY SONG

(As recorded by Aretha Franklin/Atlantic)

D.J. MATTIS

J.L. ALEXANDER

You told me that you would leave me here in tears
Now you're gone and hours seem like years
So darling, I sing my song
You're leaving makes my heart beat slow and slow
Now I'm wondering where did you go
Please tell me, tell me what is wrong.

I still love you
Won't you please come back to me
Come back where, where you oughta be
Don't stay away from me
Cause you'll always be my own
We'll be together for eternity.

You told me that you would leave me here in tears
Now you're gone and hours seem like years
And you left me singing a song
I'm just singing a song
You left me singing a song.
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•HEY JUDE

(As recorded by Wilson Pickett/Atlantic)

LENNON MCCARTNEY

Hey Jude don't make it bad
Take a sad song and make it better
Remember to let her into your heart
Then you can start to make it better.

Hey Jude don't be afraid
You were made, made to go out and get her
The minute you let her under your skin
Then you begin to make it better.

And any time you feel the pain
Hey Jude refrain
Don't carry the world upon your shoulder
For you know that it's a fool who plays it cool by making his world a little bit colder.

Hey Jude don't let me down
You found her now go on out and get her
But remember to let her into your heart
Then you can start to make it better.

So let it out and let it in
Hey Jude begin
You're waiting for someone to perform with
And don't you know that it's just you
Hey Jude you'll do
The movement you need is of your shoulder.

Hey Jude don't make it bad
Take a sad song and make it better
Remember to let her under your skin
Then you begin to make it better.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•BLUEBIRDS OVER THE MOUNTAIN

(As recorded by the Beach Boys/
Capitol)

ERSEL HICKEY

Bluebirds over the mountain
Seagulls over the sea
Bluebirds over the mountain
Bring my baby to me
Boy and girl, they fell in love
Each it was like heaven above
He looked into her eyes of blue
She vowed to him that she'd be true
Bluebirds over the mountain
Seagulls over the sea
Bluebirds over the mountain
Bring my baby to me.

I miss you Oh can't you see
You're the only girl for me
Soon's you're gone I'm all alone
Come on baby, come back home
Bluebirds over the mountain
Seagulls over the sea
Bluebirds over the mountain
Bring my baby to me, bring my baby
to me.

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•MELINDA

(As recorded by Bobby Taylor & The
Vancouverians/Gordy)

ALFRED CLEVELAND

WILLIAM ROBINSON

TERRY JOHNSON

Melinda, Melinda, Melinda's the girl
Who came to my world and made my
interest in all other girls stop
Melinda's a dream
Beauty to the extreme
Melinda is the cream of the crop
Too many guys in love with my Melinda
You ought to see the presents fellows send
her
Tryin' to make her surrender
Surrender some of that tender love she's
givin' me
Melinda oh but she tells 'em no
No, she'll never go
She's where she'd rather be
In the arms of a man who fits in her plan
She lets them know that man is me.

So many guys have tried for my Melinda
Casanovas to the real big spenders
But all they do is offend her
Offend Melinda and send her calling out
to me in a lover's plea
Love me tenderly
Melinda, Melinda I love Melinda yeah
Ain't gonna let no Jill or Jane or Brenda
come between me and my Melinda
I'll never let another girl hinder
The chance that Melinda's gonna spend
her every night and day
Satisfied to stay in love with me this way
Melinda, Melinda she only has eyes for
me yeah
Melinda, Melinda she gives up all the
other guys for me yeah.

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•LOVE MACHINE

(As recorded by the O'Kaysions/ABC)
TOM DORSEY

I'm your love machine
That's what I am
I'm a love machine
Oh yes I am
To turn me on just come a little closer
I'm the type of man who'll do what you
want to, baby
Don't you know what I mean
I wanna be your love machine
I wanna be your love machine
Wanna be your love machine
Kisses by the dozens
Wanna be your love machine
Your love I'm gonna win.

I've got perpetual motion movement
High speed gears and I won't cost a cent
The nicest thing you've ever seen.
I wanna be your love machine.

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•SOUL SISTER, BROWN SUGAR

(As recorded by Sam & Dave/Atlantic)

ISSAC HAYES

DAVID PORTER

You're sweeter than the honey that the bees
make
Soul sister, you're brown sugar
You're sweeter than the icing on the best
cake
Soul sister, you're brown sugar
I was in the dark but now I see
What was always in front of me
I was always proud but now I'm sayin'
it loud
Keep on givin' it to me.

Love and affection to the bone, to the bone
Soul sister, you're brown sugar
Keep on sockin' it to me all night long
Soul sister, you're brown sugar
Girl you're always there with your man
It's about time he took your hand
I want to show you cause I can't stand
the floor
Keep on givin' it to me.

Somebody said what's in the dark
Will surely come to the light
Now your days are brighter
And your burdens lighter
And the whole world knows you're out
of sight.

Love and affection to the bone, to the bone
Soul sister, you're brown sugar
Keep on sockin' it to me all night long
Soul sister, you're brown sugar
Girl you're always out there with your man
It's about time he took your hand
I wanna show you cause I can't stand
the floor
Keep on givin' it to me.

Keep on givin' me brown sugar
I got to have it
I just got to have brown sugar
You know what baby
I can't help but want brown sugar
You're fine to the bone
Don't you know I need brown sugar
Oh Lord, yeah
I just got to have brown sugar
I just got to have brown sugar.

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•A MINUTE OF YOUR TIME

(As recorded by Tom Jones/Parrot)
WESTLAKE

For you to think of me
It would only take a minute of your time
To spare one thought for me
Would you miss just one minute of your
time,
When you are far away
I'd like to be part of your time each day
So think of me.

A minute of your time is all it takes to
bring us close when we are far apart
Oh and if I'm on your mind
I know that there's a chance you'll find
I'm right there in your heart
One minute every day may have to keep
the wolf away
Until that moment you are back to stay
But better still I'd like to think you think
of me every minute of your time.

One minute of your time is all it takes to
bring us close when we are far apart
Oh and if I'm on your mind
I know that there's a chance you'll find
I'm right there in your heart
One minute every day may have to keep
the wolf away
Until that moment you are back to stay
But better still I'd like to think you think
of me every minute of your time.

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•GOING UP THE COUNTRY

(As recorded by Canned Heat/Liberity)

ALAN WILSON

I'm goin' up the country
Baby don't you want to go
I'm goin' up the country
Baby don't you want to go
I'm goin' to some place where I've never
been before
I'm goin', I'm goin' where the water
tastes like wine
I'm goin' where the water tastes like wine
We can jump in the water
Stay drunk all the time.

Leave this city got to get away
I'm gonna leave this city
Got to get away
All this fussin' and fightin'
Man you know, I sure can't stay.

Baby pack your leavin' trunk
You know we've got to leave today
Just exactly where we're goin' I cannot
say
But we might even leave the U.S.A.
Cause it's a brand new game
And I want to play
No use in running or screaming and
cryin'
Cause you got a home as long as I've
got mine.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

●CHEWY CHEWY

(As recorded by the Ohio Express/
Buddah)

KRIS RESNICK
JOE LEVINE

Chewy chewy chewy chewy chewy chewy
chewy, baby
Always got a mouthful of such sweet things
to say
Chewy chewy chewy chewy chewy chewy
chewy, baby
Chewy's full of sugar and I love her
that way
Ooh I love to kiss her, love to hold her,
love to miss her
Love to scold her, love to love her like I do
Oohie little chewy don't know what you're
doing to me
But you're doing to me what I want you to.

Chewy chewy chewy chewy chewy chewy
chewy, baby
Every time you love me it's a real sugar
treat

Chewy chewy chewy chewy chewy chewy
chewy, baby
Love me little chewy cause you do it so
sweet

Chewy chewy chewy chewy chewy chewy
chewy, baby
A living box of candy wrapped up so
very fine

Chewy chewy chewy chewy chewy chewy
chewy, baby
Do it to me chewy, chew me out of my
mind.

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lishing, Inc. and Kaskat Music, Inc.

●YESTERDAY'S RAIN

(As recorded by Spanky & Our Gang/
Mercury)

EUSTACE B. BAKER

Yesterday's rain brings tomorrow's pain
Fallin' round my head
The feeling I dread
Love has lost, you'll pay the cost
With a broken dream and still it seems
That I can't get out from under my cloud
And see the light of day
And yesterday's rain falls again and again
And makes me feel the world not real
Um, um, um, um, um.

Yesterday came just to bring me misery
Till I can't see over my head
The darkness spreads into morning light
That turns into night
And all around me tears are falling
Like the birth of rain
And yesterday's rain falls again and again
And makes me feel the world not real
Um, um, um, um, um.

Spinning to the ground
Hearing not a sound
Thoughts inside my head
Are going round and round
Got my mind on love
That I can never own
Friends all around me and I'm still all
alone

Running through the trees
My hands above my head
Tryin' to escape the rain.

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●STORMY

(As recorded by Classics IV/Imperial)
BUDDY BUIE

J.B. COBB

You were the sunshine baby
Whenever you smiled
But I call you stormy today
All of a sudden that ole rain fallin' down
And my world is cloudy and gray
You've gone away
Oh stormy, oh stormy bring back that
sunny day.

Yesterday's love was like a warm summer
breeze

But like the weather it changed
Now things are dreary baby
And it's windy and cold
And I stand alone in the rain calling your
name

Oh stormy, oh stormy bring back that
sunny day.

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●SON OF A PREACHER MAN

(As recorded by Dusty Springfield/
Atlantic)

JOHN HURLEY
RONNIE WILKINS

Billy Rae was a preacher's son
And when his daddy would visit he'd come
along

When they'd gather around and start
talking

That's when Billy would take me walkin'
A-through the backyard we'd go walkin'
Then he'd look into my eyes
Lords knows to my surprise

The only one who could ever reach me
Was the son of a preacher man
The only boy who could ever teach me
Was the son of a preacher man
Yes he was, he was, yes he was.

Being good isn't always easy
No matter how hard I try
When he started sweet talkin' to me
He come and tell me everything is all
right

He'd kiss and tell me everything is all
right

Can you get away again tonight
The only one who could ever reach me

Was the son of a preacher man
The only boy who could ever teach me
Was the son of a preacher man
Yes he was, he was, oh Lord he was.

How well I remember the look that was
in his eyes

Stealing kisses from me on the sly
Taking time to make time
Tellin' me that he's all mine
Learning from each other's knowing

Look at us see how much we've grown
And the only one who could ever reach me

Was the son of a preacher man
The only boy who could ever teach me
Was the son of a preacher man
Yes he was, he was, oh yes he was.

The only one who could ever reach me
Was a sweet talkin' son of a preacher man
The only boy who could ever teach me
Was the son of a preacher man.

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●WICHITA LINEMAN

(As recorded by Glen Campbell/Capitol)
JIM WEBB

I'm a lineman for the county and I drive
the main road
Searching in the sun for another overload
I hear you singing in the wire I can hear
you through the whine
And the Wichita lineman is still on the
line.

I know I need a small vacation but it
don't look like rain
And if it snows that stretch down south
won't ever stand the strain
And I need you more than want you and
I want you for all times
And the Wichita lineman is still on the
line.

And I need you more than want you and
I want you for all times
And the Wichita lineman is still on the
line.

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●SCARBOROUGH FAIR

(As recorded by Sergio Mendes & Brazil
'66/A & M)

PAUL SIMON
ART GARFUNKEL

Are you going to Scarborough Fair
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
Remember me to one who lives there
She once was a true love of mine
Tell her to make me a cambric shirt
(On the side of a hill in the deep forest
green)

Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
(Tracing a sparrow on snow crested
ground)

Without no seams nor needle work
(Blanket and bedclothes the child of the
mountain)

Then she'll be a true love of mine,
(Sleeps unaware of the clarion call)
Tell her to find me an acre of land
(And on the side of a hill a sprinkling
of leaves)

Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
(Washes the grave with silvery tears)
Between the salt water and the sea stran
(A soldier cleans and polishes a gun)

Then she'll be a true love of mine
Tell her to reap it with a cycle of leather
(War bellows blazing and scarlet
batallions)

Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
(Generals order their soldiers to kill)
And gather it all in a bunch of heather
(And to fight for a cause they've long
ago forgotten)

Then she'll be a true love of mine.

©Copyright 1966 by Charing Cross
Music.



pictures I hear

by
Brigitta

This is not a review (I never write reviews), it is a discussion of misapplication of one of America's greatest natural resources, by name, Cass Elliot.....Cass.....getting so in the habit of being used to pad out The Mamas and The Papas, accommodatingly singing over, under and around their reedy but persistent little pipes, that she is most probably going to have to unlearn a lot before becoming as effective as a soloist as she was within the group. I don't mind saying this about Cass because (unlike, maybe, some of the other large-voiced Mamas around), she has well-proved flexibility, and all the potential attributes of a successful popular singer—Pure Lungs, Pure Heart.....though.....don't always ensure a work of art.

75% of the music which Cass is given to perform on her first album, *Dream A Little Dream*, is as structurally sound as a tarpaper shack, which the big voice rips right through, batting and swooping like some great foamrubber steamroller on wings. The choice of John Hartford's "California Earthquake" as the 'A' side of Mama Cass's recent single record undeniably is a worthy social service—especially for the sleeping people of California—(too bad they didn't leave in that good Civil Defense Siren on the single version)—but this joltingly histrionic stagepiece doesn't do much of anything for the establishment of Cass Elliot's musical persona.

The reverse of the single finds her more comfortable with "Talkin' To Your Toothbrush," a slight country-western turn written by John Simon.Relaxing into its underplayed, wistful suburban humor with gentle finesse, Cass recalls to me classic moments from "Got A Feelin'," a long-ago duet with Mama Michelle. On the other hand, Cass somehow takes apart John Sebastian's "The Room Nobody Lives In" like a hearty stevedore. It is probably not her fault; more and more, it's beginning to seem to me that Sebastian's delicate kind of robin's-egg blues are completely safe from breakage in no hands but his own. This song is further devastated and marred by the oddest assortment of moans, signs and whimpers I've heard since the Early Fugs, which vie provocatively for attention with Cass's voice.

Cyrus Faryar is a composer to be reckoned with, but only in terms of weirdness; his "Sweet Believer" sounds like the fruit of a collaboration between Aimee Semple McPherson and Arthur Brown—but Cass sings it straight barrelhouse, again with a kind of Whatever-The-Hell-It-Is, Here-It-Is-Friends honesty.

And I can't hold her to blame, either, for the failure to come across with Leonard Cohen's "You Know Who I Am," a typical Leonard Cohen Identity Crisis Song; in my opinion, Cohen writes very few songs that work at all, and the trick lies in picking out the few—and in arranging. God knows (though John Simon doesn't) he can't sing them himself; Judy Collins and Joshua Rifkin have made the only decent presentations of Cohen material I have heard, proving that it can be done.

Then there's that other songwriting Cohen, namely, Leah—who has written, with a rather remarkable divination of Mama Cass's own tastes, a big, lush, loose, highly-derivative quasi-blues waltz with a couple of sen-

sitive and honestly-felt lyrics—pretty good for a novice, that Leah Cohen is a writer to watch. But, like much of the rest of the album, "What Was I Thinking Of" suffers from ghastly hyper-production. The working hypothesis appears to have been — "She has a great big voice, so we'll give her a lot of great big instruments.

(This year's most popular production background noise has got to be that chorus of junebugs, crickets and locusts; Dunhill and Imperial are getting a lot of mileage out of it, having already used it on the Johnny Rivers album, *Realization* —all right, engineer, let's have the big chorus again, this time come in a little heavier on bass locust....)

Finally, anyone who buys this album thinking it is going to contain the version of "Dream A Little Dream Of Me" heard on the hit single may be disappointed, but then again, maybe not. Myself, I found the difference in "Dream A Little Dream of Me" indicative of all that bothered me about the album; it was noisy, lacking in nuance, with a grainy tone quality, set off with still more atmospheric sound effects, and ended with a jarring gimmick lead-in to "California Earthquake."

The creative quality of most facets of this album is well below the meticulous standard of the last Mamas and Papas album, on which the earlier production of "Dream A Little Dream" first appeared. And "Midnight Voyage" from the same album—despite a regrettable bit of horseplay which dissipates its climax—does a splendid job of displaying Cass's mobility, and of lyrically evoking her Mama Cass Mystique, if there is such a thing. In case anyone has forgotten, John Phillips was hailed, rightly or wrongly, less than a year ago as the leading rock poet of the world, by one of the medium's prominent critics (Robert Christgau). The only reason I point this out is that the impression was given—and one had every reason to expect—that Cass Elliot was moving on to better, freer, more delicious things—and you would be hard put to find a composer-arranger in finer control of his material than Phillips, in his collaborations with producer Lou Adler. I guess, casting about for somewhere to place the blame for my disappointment, I don't have to look very far: Every John Simon wonderkind record-producer-of-the-year, is probably entitled to an occasional *faux-pas*, but why should it have to be with a singer gifted with a veritable embarrassment of riches? It could be that the coarse, rather boisterous touch so suitable for *Music From Big Pink* was precisely the opposite of what was required here; this is a highly feminine woman.

Cass Elliot may be a mother, but, in truth, she is not a Mama; what she is, is a charming, classy, complex young-lady singer with a rather royal manner and a sprite-like leaning toward fancy and fantasy—qualities which have yet to be tapped. Her musical adventure with producer John Simon was a Midsummer's Nightmare, as incongruous as Titania's teaming up with Bottom; however, all this was undoubtedly useful grist for the karmic mill, and I predict that Cass (who is very smart) will eventually meet.....the Oberonic record producer of her dreams.□



As a lonesome blues fanatic in years past, it was my secret wish that I could live in the 1930's, and buy all the Charlie Patton and Robert Johnson sides for 35¢ each as they came out on Vocalion 78's. But times have changed. As a blues fanatic, I am no longer lonesome. Due to the incredible multiplicity of my fellow blues freaks, we can all boogie on down to the corner record shop and acquire a wealth of blues such as nobody would have dreamed about in 1934—or 1964 for that matter. We have our cake and eat it too, for not only are the latest blues there in abundance, but all the giants of the recent and distant past are available at our beck and call, or at most a special order out of the Schwann catalogue. You can easily spend a week listening to blues LP's and not play the same one twice.

The blues avalanche has moved down many racial barriers. True, for many people both black and white, the black blues will always remain the only true blues. But most of the new blues audience can groove equally with black Albert King, white Eric Clapton, or multi-racial Jimi Hendrix. And even if they never picked cotton or ate chitlin's, or sang spirituals in church, the new white

musicians at least have pumped life and imagination into what had been a dying scene. And nobody has done this more than Canned Heat. This most popular of all American blues bands is now destroying us with their third album, a magnificent double dose of *Living The Blues* (Liberty LST-27200). Though this set was conceived long before the appearance of Cream's *Wheels of Fire*, it is more than coincidence that both groups use the same format: a double album with one live LP and one studio LP. Canned Heat, like Cream, generates a spontaneous intensity in live performance that is clearly impossible to match in a studio. At the same time, Canned Heat demands the expanded horizons of modern recording methods to realize the full scope of their ideas, as did Cream.

Living The Blues should establish Canned Heat as more than worthy successors to their disbanded British colleagues. If anything, it's a more advanced, yet more solid and genuine performance than *Wheels of Fire*.

The fact that I've been comparing Canned Heat to Cream, rather than with the more traditional approach of Butterfield or Mayall, may help to indicate

some of the directions in which the Heat is moving. Canned Heat's first album was straightforward, traditional blues; the second began stretching out in several directions, and this new one continues the process. *Living The Blues* contains what is probably the longest single piece of popular music ever recorded, the 41-minute live version of "Fried Hockey Boogie" (inevitably retitled "Refried Boogie.") Like its predecessor on the Boogie album, this is an instrumental *tour de force* with solos by all members. Though the Boogie is loosely derived from several early records by John Lee Hooker, there is no precedent in traditional blues for Henry Vestine's searing unaccompanied guitar solo, Larry Taylor's roaring bass solo, or Fito de la Parra's fireworks on drums. Structurally, the piece is more like modern jazz — but the feeling is all Canned Heat's interpretation and extension of what they get from John Lee Hooker. It's unbelievable how all 41 minutes hold together, to say nothing of the remarkable structures of the individual solos.

But it is the studio LP that really commands repeated listening, and shows the strength and diversity of the group's ideas and musicianship. Several cuts con-

CANNED HEAT

Old New And Blue

tinue the basic blues style that dominates the two earlier albums, arrangements that spring from the group as a whole, based on the old records they've all heard for years. "Pony Blues" goes back to Charlie Patton, the grand-daddy of Delta; Canned Heat very nearly reproduces Patton's ultimate savagery. "One Kind Favor" adds a new dimension to the Blind Lemon Jefferson song that was a great favorite of the folk era. "Sandy's Blues", meanwhile, gets into the modern urban-blues bag, complete with horns. It features the best singing Bod Hite has yet recorded, and lots of fine, fine guitar.

In addition to these group creations, Alan Wilson has his own highly original style of remaking the old blues. It was Alan who created "On The Road Again," singing and playing most of the instrumental parts. *Living The Blues* contains the Heat's current single, another Wilson creation: "Going Up The Country." This is the one with the flute, taking after the infectious style of old-time songster Henry Thomas. Alan also wrote and sings "My Mistake", a very tasty shuffle

blues. Oné also suspects he was the major force behind "Parthenogenesis," a stupendous 20-minute collage of blues innovations. We'll only mention a few highlights of this spectacular: Bob singing in 1930's blues style with John Mayall on piano; Fito playing two drum solos at once (probably the only thing that could be faster than Fito playing on stage); and Alan proving himself the world's supreme master of the blues jawharp, with John Fahey on guitar.

Obviously, Canned Heat is no longer trying to be another Butterfield. Their blues is white blues all the way. Unlike Butterfield, they take advantage of their whiteness by doing things that black bluesmen will not, or can not, do with their music. It's almost a reverse of what happened two centuries ago when black slaves transformed formal white church music into spirituals. Yet with all their innovations, Canned Heat retains a considerably stronger commitment to basic blues than Cream and Hendrix. It's a good place for a group to be. They can't help but draw more attention to the

black bluesmen who originally inspired them.

And here's where we can take advantage of the great diversity of balck blues from all eras of history, available to us on LP. If you want to hear the original "Pony Blues" recorded by Charlie Patton in 1929, for instance, it's on *The Immortal Charlie Patton — Volume 2, Origin OJL-7*. If you'd like to hear something that turned Cream on mightily, pick up *Chicago Blues — The Early 1950's* on Blues Classics 8, and listen to "Rollin' and Tumblin'" by Baby Face Leroy, recorded in 1950. Perhaps the greatest pre-war bluesman of all was Robert Johnson, who was murdered in 1938. You can hear 16 of his best tunes on Columbia CL-1654. King of the Delta Blues Singers.

Johnny Shines, a bottleneck guitar player who was a traveling companion of Robert Johnson's, was one of the many Mississippi Negroes who moved to Chicago after the war and went electric, creating the screaming sound that inspired all today's bluesbands from the



Rolling Stones on. Testament Records has just released a fantastic album by Shines as the first of a series called *Masters of Modern Blues*. No less exciting are the second and third albums in the series, which feature a younger bottleneck man with a great voice, J. B. Hutto (Testament T-2214) and my favorite of the bunch, Floyd Jones and Eddie Taylor (Testament T-2215). All three albums have the cream of Chicago's instrumentalists for sidemen: Otis Spann on piano, Big Walter Horton on harp, Johnny Young on guitar, Fred Below on drums. Unlike the otherwise excellent Chicago blues albums on Vanguard, these Testament albums are superbly recorded. The sound has all the bite and presence of these groups' in-person work in the Chicago ghetto's dark taverns and bars, yet the stereo is very good. All these albums preserve the original Chicago electric style as it was in the 1950's, before younger men like Otis Rush and Buddy Guy and Junior Wells had changed to the more modern blues style, with horns and gospel-y singing. Musically and technically, they

are the finest examples of the older style we have heard in many a year.

But's it pretty hard to beat the catalog of Chess Records, which was where it all happened in the 1950's; they still have many albums of vintage material available. And now, through its rock subsidiary Cadet-Concept, Chess has come up with a very imaginatively packaged album by the daddy of all electric Chicago, Muddy Waters. The title is *Electric Mud* (LPS 314) and it features Muddy together with a 1968-model white blues band. It's an audacious, inspired idea which could have been the heavy-weight of the year. Unfortunately, the unidentified musicians let us down; they seem to have absorbed the superficial aspects of Cream's white blues style without getting anywhere into the roots upon which Cream grew, least of all Muddy Waters. They are totally alien to Muddy's feeling and spirit, and sometimes are unable to even keep time with him. So we are left with an atrocious travesty which represents Muddy at far less than his best. Fortunately *The Best*

Of Muddy Waters is still available on Chess LP-1427. This LP, recorded in the early 1950's, remains the best of all albums of the original Chicago style, with plenty of Little Walter harp and some real Delta bottleneck sounds from Muddy.

Imperial Records has begun a "Legendary Masters Series" produced by Steve La Vere under the aegis of Canned Heat people Henry Vestine and Bob Hite. The two "Rural Blues" albums in this series (Imperial LM-94000 and LM-94001) draw from the vaults of the Imperial and Aladdin labels, both of which were cookin' but good in the early 1950's. The material is more Texas than Chicago (largely due to the labels' location on the West Coast), which means it's more easygoing, less intense than the Chicago things. But it's terrific blues nonetheless. Both sets are well worth having. Your author, by the way, will soon be producing reissues of some stone goodies from the Specialty Records catalog, on the revitalized Specialty label. The blues lives on! □ barret hansen



THE BEATLES ***Sing*** ***THE BEATLES***

I regard the forthcoming Beatles double album as one of the most significant landmarks in their recording career since "Love Me Do". The 30 tracks do not possess the overall pattern of a "Sergeant Pepper," and neither do most of them have the compelling unreality of that uniquely special journey into the mind.

What these two momentous LPs do reflect is the Beatles with Something for Everybody, presenting the Gentle, the Genius, the Sing-

along, the Rocking - and the sheer good, bad and ugly of their work up to late October, 1968.

The bad and the ugly is crystalised in Revolution No. 9, a prententious piece of old codswallop which is no more than a long, long collection of noises and sounds. I am angry at this because the "listen-to-me-I'm-being-mysterious" bit is a piece of idiot immaturity and a blotch on their own unquestioned talent

as well as the album.

For most of the rest, God Bless, You, Beatles. Thank you for Rocky and his Gideon Bible, and George's oink-oink piggies, and the blackbirds singing and the good-to-be alive groove of "Ob-la-di Ob-la-da."

It's an unusual and responsible feeling listening to the product of an entire year's work - as is "The Beatles" - and in this case it was coupled with the sheer weight of digesting 30 tracks

at one sitting. May I do them justice.

Record One, Side One, Track One is one of those big Paul rockers - "Back In The U.S.S.R." with a slambang Chuck Berry flavor and a message about you don't know how lucky you are, back in the U.S.S.R. It's hard and strong, and how come I'm still in this chair when I should be up and raving? The words may have some inner meaning, but I'll have to listen again to catch them properly. A fantastic piece of screaming excitement. Great opener.

2) "Dear Prudence" is complete contrast. Quiet Lennon cuts through his unpredictable outer skin and sings a song to Prudence backed by a string effect. But it gets harder later on. With John, it has to.

3) is "Glass Onion." Lennon again. Pumping mid-tempo stuff, and intriguing references to the walrus and Strawberry Fields and "I told you about the Fool On The Hill - I tell you, man, he's living there still."

4) A great personal favorite. . . "Ob-la-di, Ob-la-da," Heard it once, can't stop. Hand-clapping fun a la West Indies, sung with warmth by Paul and obviously one of his own compositions. This is going to be a smash for somebody. . . and it's all coming back to me now. I heard it in Harrold, but that's another story. At the end of this there's a tweaky little voice saying "Thank you." Great stuff all about sunshine and "de market place."

5) "Wild Honey Pie." A brief piece of headache music.

6) Spanish guitar intro for "The Continuing Story of Bungalow Bill," and what did he kill, with a strong melody line and a John Lennon vocal. Applause at the end.

7) "While My Guitar Gently Weeps." Paul again, warm voice, and another of the highlights in the set of 30. Chung-chung beat, very strong melody, moving into a slightly Hendrix thing. Another hit for somebody.

8) and the closing track of Side One Record One is John Lennon's "Happiness Is A Warm Gun" and lines like "Mother Superior Jumped The Gun" (repeated five times at one point) and "I need a fix. . . 'cos I'm goin' down." Girl-type vocal backing. Good and solid.

Flipping the first record we get "Martha My Dear," which may be inspired by Paul's sheepdog but is in fact about a girl of the same name. Opens with a "Walrus" feel with strings, and then goes into Paul singing high; voices in harmony, some biting brass and a touch of Freud with "hold your hand out you silly girl."

Next (10) is "I'm So Tired" and a John Lennon vocal with plaintive flavor at the opening and a single backing before double tracking and then coming in with organ. This will become famous for Mr. Lennon's sympathy with addicted tobacco smokers, expressed in the gem "Curse Sir Walter Raleigh, he was such a stupid git." I really must try and get to John Lennon and discover what's under the surface these days.

Track 11 is "Blackbird." Paul solo. Music to be sad by. Folk guitar, lonely sound, poignant words about blackbirds singing in the dead of the night, and evocative lines like "take thy sunken eyes and learn to see." Then



into Paul double-tracking with himself, and even the sound of a blackbird whistle at the end. Nice.

12) comes up with a guitar fanfare for George's first contribution to the set, a telling piece about modern life under the title "Piggies." This is a fascinating piece of humorous cynicism as it goes on about human piggies in the dirt (with even the oink-oink noises thrown in), and then the tempo gets faster for upper class allusions like "Out to dinner with their piggy wives." Good melody line and interesting bits with harpsichord and classical piano.

13) is another singalong standout Paul's 20's-30's flavored "Rocky Raccoon," which has him beginning the song with an "ah-d-declay-ah" Southern accent. This is a very singable story in the tradition of "Frankie and Johnny" and "Bonnie and Clyde" but it has some extra depth and harmonica, bluesy folk and even a bit of scat. I liked the bit about how "the doctor came in. . . stinking of gin." Another single hit for somebody, this one. Maybe the New Vaudeville?

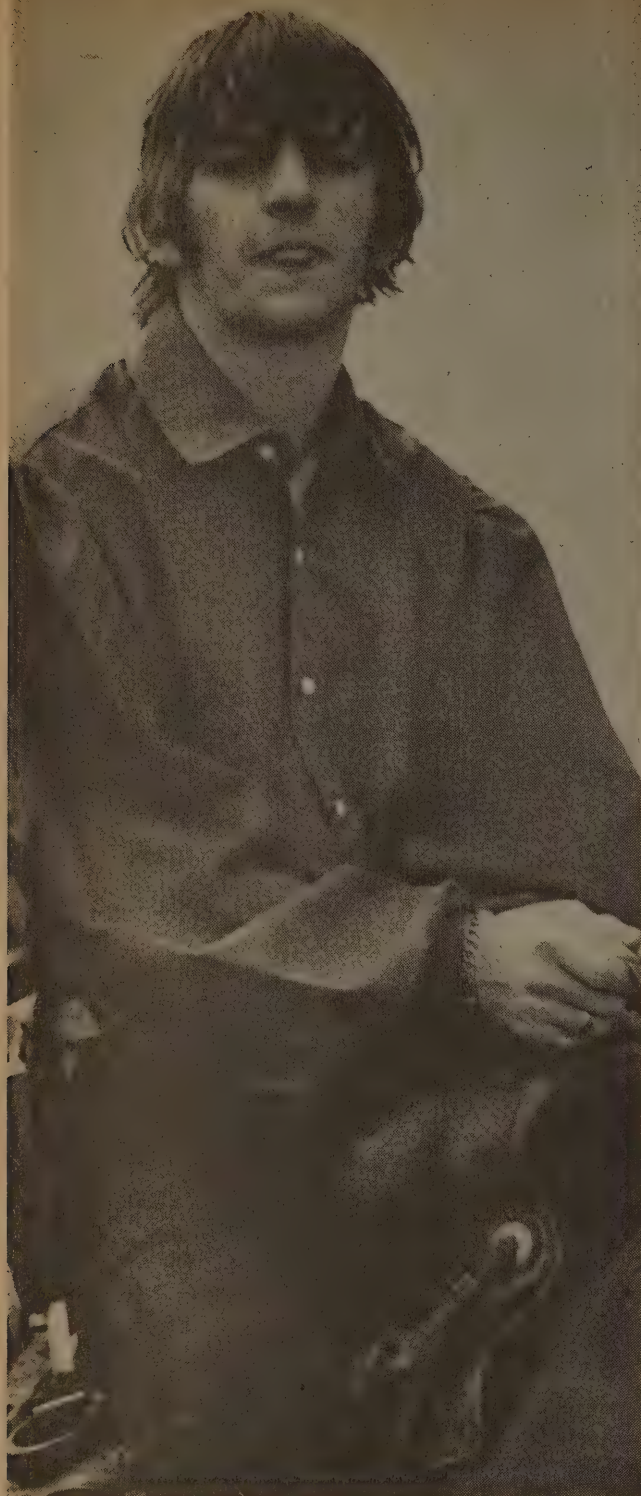
14) Ah. . . Ringo. Title is "Don't Pass Me By." Opens with a Harold Smart organ sound, then into a tom-tom beat before Ringo comes in with a double-tracked vocal. Probably it's the double-tracking that does it, but this one had a lot more body than Ringo's previous album contributions. Fastish country-blues. . . even country fiddles. Ringo's best ever.

15) "Why Don't We Do It In The Road." Can't tell you too much about the words, as I couldn't really catch them, but you may well have theories of your own. 2/4 beat, shouting blues, and Paul singing in his best Fats voice to a "Lady Madonna" rhythm with piano.

16) is "I Will." Paul soft and warm again, a catchy little number in which he sings that if she wants him to. . . he will. Folkly ballad with late double-tracking. Sensitive, tender.

17) has John Lennon almost in the same mood for "Julia." This, more than anything else so far, could be a "Pepper" track, with counter harmonies and a slight eeriness and images of "seashell eyes" and "a sindy smile that calls me."

This, then, is album one.



Album two (the 18th number) goes into the Chuck Berries again for "Birthday," a nice big kick-in-the-guts rocker with thundering drums and a slide piano and all voices together - although it's mainly instrumental.

19) John Lennon sandpaper voice for "Yer Blues," moving into a "Heartbreak Hotel" echo and a bit that goes "I feel so suicidal, I even hate my rock 'n' roll." Hard solid stuff not without humor.

20) "Mother Nature's Son." Melancholy and beautiful song by Paul, sitting singing songs for everyone besides a mountain stream. To be listened to with the lights off.

21) Sock it to me. John comes galloping in with "Everybody's Got Something To Hide

Except Me and My Monkey." This one is on the attack, and it's up and at 'em material with even a Little Richard bit thrown in. I'm not saying it's exceptional, but it's a good belter and I liked the Lennonisms like "Your inside is our and your outside is in."

22) is "Sexie Sadie" (spelt that way), and at first I thought it was Paul but then I settled for John. This is a breathless piece with backing voices doing the old wow-wow thing and Mr. Lennon coming up (as only he can) with the phrase. "You'll get yours yet."

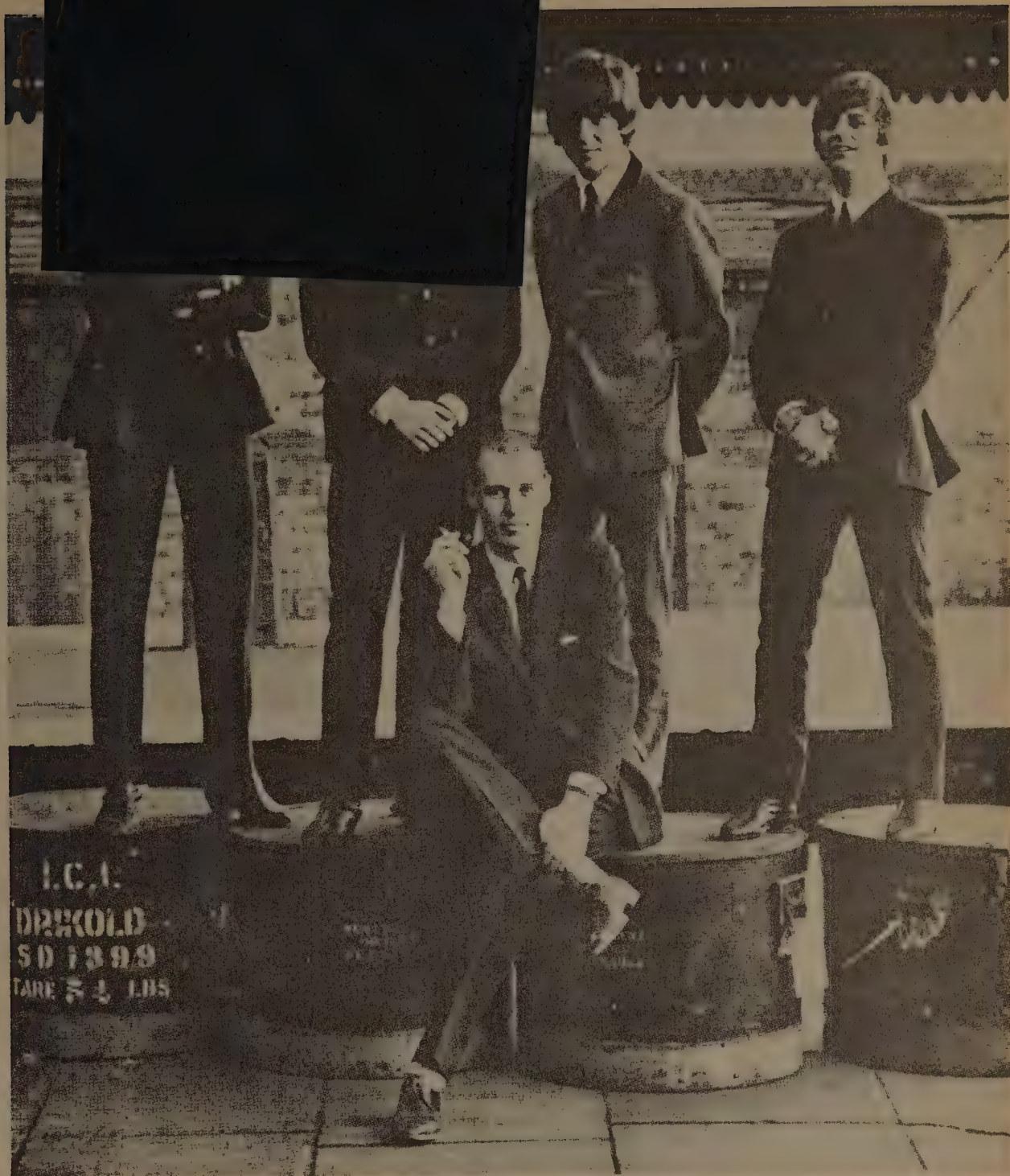
"Helter Skelter" (23) is low on melody but high on atmosphere. It screams along with Paul at the front and a pace that goes so fast they all only just about keep up themselves.

Frantically sexual.

Final track of the first side of the second album is "Long, Long, Long" (24), Sounds like John, Paul and George, together, again with "Pepper" feel of isolation and dreamlike voices floating. But why the weird bumble of sound at the end? It's wearing a bit thin.

Coming up to the end now. First number on the final side is the 'B' side of "Hey Jude," John's "Revolution," although I think this is a different version. Closes with a shoop-de-woowa.

The 26th number in running order is Paul singing another of the commercial hit tracks of the set. "Honey Pie." All about a North of England girl who hits the big-time in the U.S.



Slightly reminiscent of "When I'm 64" in construction. Twenties sound, megaphone vocal half way through, and a tinny orchestra to set the mood.

I was not particularly partial to "Savoy Truffle," but there's a good, heavy sound and I'm not complaining.

Track 28 is softer - "Cry Baby Cry," beginning with a Lennon vocal and then breaking into a Paul solo in a cool high voice half-way through. There's also one of those mystery breaks, with a snip of dialogue in which some poor devil seems to be apologizing to George and craving his forgiveness.

Track 29 is "Revolution No. 9," which has no connection with the hit song. This is a pimple

on the face of the album. Yeah, very mysterious, baby. Why do you do it? Highlights" include cackles and screams and some character coming back every few minutes to tell us "Number Nine, Number Nine."

Absolutely finally, and God Bless 'em - a track for the Mums and Dads, "Goodnight." It's a marvelous singalong send-up with echo and rippling strings and harps, and your actual warm-voiced Paul again singing "Goodnight, Sleep Tight" and "Now The Sun Turns Out His Light." It's got the lot. . . Mantovani strings and all. And finally, like whipped cream on top of the schmaltz, Paul whispers "Goodnight everybody" in a soothing whisper.

But the tune is good, and mark my words

if somebody doesn't have the guts to do it straight and get themselves on "Family Favourites" and into the charts I'll be most surprised.

To sum up: two generally superb albums, although with a few tracks which fall below standard, and a couple of items which do no more than fill time.

But this is simply being hypercritical to hyper-talent.

On balance, "The Beatles" offers so many brilliant Paul McCartney-John Lennon future standards, and so much inventiveness from all of them, that it has been well worth waiting for, I advise you to rush out and order it as fast as your little legs will carry you. □smith

Welco *sane*
ASYL **DIR**



The bathroom is bright reddish pink and as you go in there is a photo enlarger on the right which momentarily distracts you, but the biggest surprise waits partly hidden by the toilet: a gaggle of electrical cables which snake from a hole in the wall by the porcelain fixture, across the floor and into a shower stall. Odd. You open the door and find that the cables enter and exit a steel reverberation unit which sits, bone dry, in the middle of

the shower.

Next to the red-pink bathroom is a room done in a pungent shade of green which houses \$55,000 worth of recording equipment, including two four-track tape machines and a late model eight-track 3M tape recorder. This is off of the blue-painted hall which leads to the blue-painted living room which leads to the orange kitchen and if you keep going you're back to the red-pink bathroom with its elec-

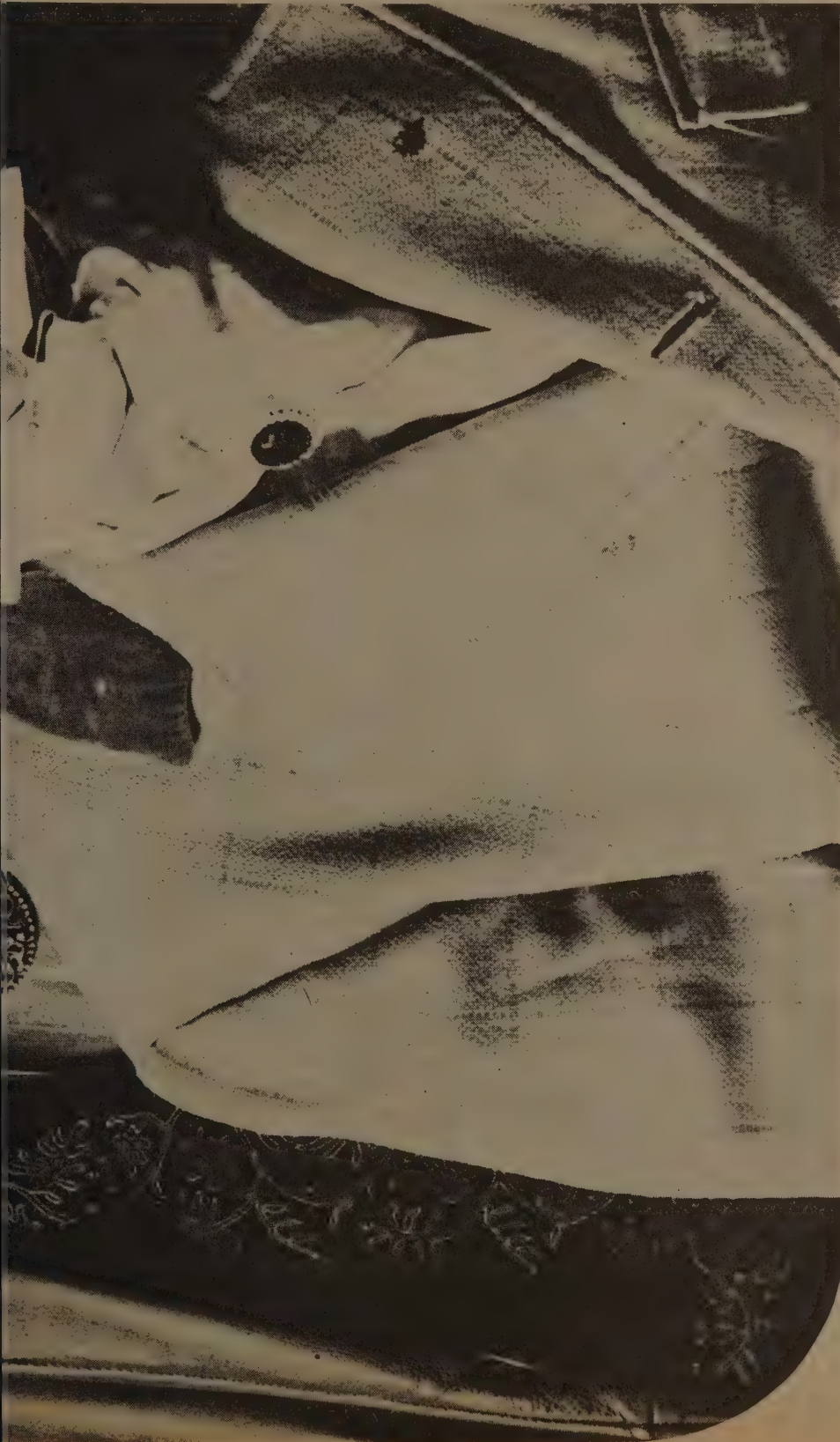
tronic plumbing coming from the green recording booth.

Inside the recording booth, sweating over the eight-track console, is Marc Benno, half of a group called the Asylum Choir. Marc lives in this house in North Hollywood with a large friendly Afghan and a small friendly deaf blue-eyed cat, both colored white to blend with nothing in particular. Hidden behind the closed door of another room on the first floor of Marc's home is the other half of the Asylum Choir, Leon Russell, who is pounding out some incredibly driving rhythm and blues from an electric piano. This sealed off room is unpainted, deriving only a brownish color from the acoustic padding tacked to the walls. Leon is playing with Donald "Duck" Dunn, bassist for Booker T. and the MGs, and drummer Chuck Blackwell, who worked with Leon and Marc on the Asylum Choir's first album, "Look Inside the Asylum Choir" (Smash SRS 67107). Normally they use Carl Radle on bass, but Duck is an old friend of Leon's so he is sitting in for a couple of tunes.

If you have not yet heard the Asylum Choir album you have missed something. The LP is thoroughly and happily musical, unmistakably unique without drifting into the unsupportable weirdness which often passes for individuality these days, and it contains moments of humor, a rare commodity on the current scene. Leon and Marc wrote all of the music -- with occasional help from their friends -- and furnished all of the voices and played nearly all of the instruments, which range from assorted keyboards (piano, organ, clavichord, harpsichord), to guitars to trumpets. They also arranged it. And produced it. And recorded it. In Marc's house.

Their music is strongly emotional, drawing a lot of its strength from bluesy instrumentation, though it is not blues music. It emerges instead as a new breed of soul music. Leon has a wonderfully grainy voice which blends well -- and can contrast nicely with -- Marc's higher singing. Their instrumental work is funky, driving powerfully underneath the vocals with subtle intricate trimmings. After hearing their instrumental work, it is not too surprising to hear both of them speaking in drawls. Leon is from Tulsa, Oklahoma, Marc is from Dallas, Texas.

Leon Russell, 27, came to Los Angeles about six years ago and quickly began earning a comfortable living as a recording session pianist, working with, among others, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin ("I used to play the high triplets on their sessions"), Aretha Franklin ("When she was on Columbia"), Ricky Nelson, Gary Lewis, Bobby Vee, Tommy Boyce, Bobby Hart and an endless list of others. "I've worked with so many people in so many different situations," he says in his easy drawl. "I've done rock 'n' roll records with Julie London. When you're in that studio bag you play with 10 different people a day. Terry Melchoir and I did the 'Tambourine Man' session and a couple of the next ones on the Byrds. And I did that Harper's Bizarre record, 'The 59th St. Bridge Song,' I arranged that. And Jackie DeShannon and all that Liberty bunch.



"In the Great Midwest, or at least the area I was from, the criterion for musical greatness was based on jazz. That was what prompted me to come out here 'cause I couldn't make a living out there. Nobody was interested in anything but society music and jazz.

"But the studio work got to be a pretty nerve racking thing. It was fun but kind of an extreme pressure situation. I started arranging sessions. Before that I never had thought of writing anything down, but that's like a different plateau in the factory. That's pretty much of a drag also.

"So I joined a production company and did a few Gary Lewis records and some of those things (Leon wrote "Everybody Loves a Clown" and "She's Just My Style," though he admits his authorship reluctantly). I really couldn't stand the idea of terrible music so I quit that and started trying to do something good. That's when me and Marc got together."

The income from Leon's studio work had enabled him to build a recording studio in his house. "There's a lot of money in playing record dates but it's pretty strenuous mentally. I actually made less money writing songs than any of my other endeavours because of my bad business background." During his period as a studio musician, Leon did almost no singing, though he and Glen Campbell and Billy Strange used to team up for the background chorus on Ricky Nelson records.

"We got some souvenir pictures here," Leon says with a wave at a collection of early 1960's glossies which cover part of a bedroom wall in the house. The faces all seem unfamiliar to me and it would be impossible to pick Leon out if he were in any of them. Now he has enormously long hair and a mountainous beard, a degree of furriness which is impossible to relate to those nice little antiseptic studio shots on the wall. The pictures offer a humorous counterpoint to his present freedom.

Leon plays piano and the assortment of other keyboard instruments on the Asylum Choir album in addition to guitar and trumpet. Marc Benno plays guitar and "a little piano, but on the album just guitar." Leon's voice is husky and soulful, pocked with the tiny cracks which make for emotional singing. Marc's is high and pretty, capable of nice falsetto harmonies.

Marc was lead guitarist and singer for several gees in mid-1967. "I was really heavily Beatle influenced at the time," he recalls. "But at one point I did a thing where I was called Benny Darvon. I was a blues singer. I used to wear all white and I dyed my hair white just for the show and had girls sing behind me and horns and everything. The girls were called the Bagettes. We did a James Brown type show.

"We used to go around to colleges in Texas and we'd let the fraternities have the concessions if they could get the auditorium. So they'd get money off drinks and stuff and we'd get the auditorium. We did that until we got caught." "I think Wayne Cochran must have seen your act," Leon interjects, "I'm not sure."

Leon came to Dallas to produce a record with Marc's last group and Marc decided to move out to Los Angeles to write for the production company Leon was with. "We wrote a song together," Marc says, "and were thinking about who would do the song and then we did it and it just evolved." Marc and Leon became the Asylum Choir in January of 1968. A friend of theirs thought up the name and Leon says "I thought it was pretty typical. There's a lot of insanity around these days in various forms of disguise."

Marc moved into Leon's studio-equipped house which, Leon says, has sheltered 178 people in the past five years. "I moved out finally. It got to the point where I couldn't think and I had to move away. There are just three people here now, I think, Marc and two friends of ours. I live over in Laurel Canyon."

Leon has installed a small tape device on his phone which answers whenever it rings. Leon's voice comes on saying something like "This is not a real person. It is a recording of a human voice. If you would like to leave a message, you may do so when you hear the beep." Then a beep sounds and you can record your announcement. The telephone instrument led to one part of the album, a section called "N.Y. Op." (short for New York Operator). "That's a real conversation," Leon explains. "That was a real operator who called and we were so astounded by her amazement at technology that we thought we had to put it in there, just as a contrast. It was this guy's secretary in New York calling me and wanting me to do a Coke commercial with the Harper's Bizarre. The only thing we took out was the guy's name in New York when she referred to him.

"You know the whole blues thing is a medium exercise. It doesn't deal so much with lyric content as it does with medium. Any good blues singer can sing 'Home on the Range' and it's very exciting. That was just an experiment in medium because we were so astounded by her dialect. We like dialects."

The resulting exercise in medium involves three voices, very hard to decipher, which become involved in the following murky conversation (which is accompanied by some weird background music):

"There's a recording on here and if you want to leave the number and who is calling... Do you want to do that? It's a recording, it's for (mumble mumble) give out any information."

"Oh. Oh I see. So...You want..."

"Operator. (Mumble mumble) the operator 'cause I was having trouble getting her. Operator."

"Yes. Hello."

"One moment. Operator. It's a re-cord-ing, ah."

"You have to leave a message with that recording."

"Yes."

"You left a message."

"No, I didn't. I wanted to find out if my party wanted to do that."

"Well, can you call back as soon as the, ah..."

"Well it doesn't...You know, it's a recording, you just give it information."

"Okay. Well, would you tell him to call back today?"

"Alrighty."

"Okay."

"Okay."

"Operator, could you get them back for me?"

"I didn't understand. You mean when I heard that beep I had to give him information?"

End of a trialog in which technology confronts technology with only Leon coming out ahead by collecting royalties on the windfall lyrics. This, of course, is not representative of the style of the album. No one number is, since Marc and Leon seem comfortable in a multitude of forms of music, from a Mid-western brand of soul to formally structured compositions using string quartets and Herb Alpert-like trumpet sections. At various points smashing glass and lunatic announcements become as integral to the music as the often funky instrumentation.

"This album came together in a very weird way," Leon remarks. "It's very strange when you do something as an artist. Then you have to decide what you really like. There's a certain contrast in there between 'Icicle Star Tree' and 'Welcome to Hollywood.' We get a lot of comments from people who really loved 'Icicle Star Tree' best out of the album. It's hard to know.

"What we want to do for the next one, we want to consolidate a little bit more. We were just doing a whole bunch of different bags on that album. I've been exposed to so many different bags and I've had the experience of seeing them constructed. It's hard to know sometimes what is the most effective. Next time we want to go for a little more believability (at this point Leon mentions how much he likes "Music From Big Pink"). I think a lot of people don't really have that much control over their medium. They do whatever they do and it comes out because it's them."

Leon and Marc have an advantage over many performers in having their own studio available at any time. "It's been there for three years," Leon says, "and I'm just getting to the point where I feel I'm getting good. You have a tendency, when you have a facility like that lying around, you just don't use it. You get into a thing because you can just fool around so much when you have all that time. I got very inspired when I met Marc, just from a conceptual standpoint, about some possible things that we could do."

Down in the brown acoustically padded studio Leon and Duck Dunn and Carl Radle pummel out the instrumental backbone to a song about Chicago inspired (?) by the Democratic Convention. The music and the house and the people, all drawling and occasionally wandering into the orange kitchen for some fried chicken, seem more akin to the South than to the New West. It shows in the honest feel of the songs of the Asylum Choir but the down home emotionalism of their music is transmuted into something new by the citified intellects of Marc and Leon. □ pete johnson

communication

by Dom Petro

Give this some thought! Everything we see, touch, feel, smell, hear, and taste says something to us. And we in turn say Yes or No! It's a two way street even though we may not realize it or say anything aloud. This means that both receiving and sending can be consciously or unconsciously done. Very complicated when it's all added up. Important? It just about makes us what we are in addition to the heredity factor that launched us.

It's worth looking into and that is what this is all about. How we receive and send is just as important as *what*. This is the weak spot in most of us since we all think we send important and meaningful things into this breathlessly waiting world. "I didn't mean it that way--," "Yeah I dig you--you know--yeah!" "Don't get me wrong --," etc. --and we are promptly misunderstood, or just tolerated.

Now don't get me wrong! I'm not voting for 16 cylinder English couched in unctious tones with flawlessly polished syllables touched off with slightly raised eyebrow. I'm simply going to show you some of the ways the world affects you and how you then may affect your world. And don't forget, we're dealing with *all* the senses and all the ways they are affected through communication. Most of them are obvious things we take for granted.

Example. We eat what we like which is another way of saying that we eat what we are used to and/or what everybody else eats. If it's the usual French fries, etc. at the Greasy Apron washed down with ice cold soda, we end up with the usual gassy stomach, pimples, etc., including the breath that your friends don't dare tell you about. Cause and effect. The taste here isn't even examined to see if it's leading us right. It's just taken for granted. Do we *really* like what we eat? Start examining this area that just about everybody ignores. And when you bear in mind that what you eat becomes you later, you may decide to get really particular.

What's in your room? Big, colorful posters? Clothes thrown around? Banners? A pile of best selling records? Signs swiped from the highway? Lots of other people have them too. Do you really like them? Why? It makes you one of the gang? You're a conformist. Cool it. You've made your choice. Or have you? This is the key right here. When you pick what you want to eat or hang in your room you are communicating and not simply reflecting the current trend, thing, fad, or just trying to be with it.

This is the cause of the *individual*, the real elite. And you can join this small group even using the same means faddists use. Use them your way. Think about it. What does your room say about you? Never forget, it does say a lot about you. So do your eating habits, your manner of speech, dress, what you choose to see and who you choose to be with. Here's where everybody trips up and falls in line with the faddists of all types. Once you become aware that your clothes, speech, friends, pad, food, say a lot about you, you become frightened and adopt all the mannerisms of speech, clothes, friends, pad, and food that your chosen IN crowd has. People have always done this: old, young, rich and poor. Examine any group you want. There's always a way of doing things that is right for

that group, whether it's being seen at opening night, at the country club, a dive in the Village, with the proper type clothes and speech that everyone else sports.

Now nobody's telling you to go it alone and stay out of groups. You can do it your way honestly. That means "--being true to yourself--." And it's not necessarily bucking the crowd either. All you have to be is yourself. Showing up in a Village dive with a grey flannel suit, white shirt and tie, combed, shaved and honed down to a smooth polish would be out of place and probably more shocking than loin cloth, beads, turban and ten inch ear rings. What are you trying to prove? If you dress this way you belong with another group? Maybe. I'm trying to say that you may simply like to dress this way and like, really like, the dive you're visiting. Trying to impress or shock, to grab the spotlight, is not communication dealing with you.

Most of us want to be ourselves or get what we want out of this vale of tears. Yet we look out there for examples and try them all without looking IN there to see what we really want and can have. What has all this to do with communication? You first have to communicate with you. I've met people, young and old, who spend their lives saying and doing everything opposite to what they've been taught, just to be ornery. This has nothing to do with living, and it's adopting an outside standard. Instead of finding out what they really like they establish a hate pattern, ending with idiot waste, stuck on a fixed target that's nowhere. Running like hell while carefully looking backward in a circle. Some things in the past were communicated to them and they listened all right because they're repeating it backwards.

You see communication has to build up--make you see things in a fresher way each time, not necessarily see new things. Look how many ways the same thing can be painted by different artists! Look how many ways the letter "A" is written by everybody and still say "A". Handwriting alone is proof of individual ways of handling the same things. Note how tough it is for the forger! Everything about us: our eyes, nose, ears, fingerprints, is different from everyone else's. Imagine the difference in tastes! You check with yourself and find out what you really like to taste, hear, etc., and see that if you TRY to be different you're phony--you are different without trying. And this is the starting point only.

This is the beginning of an examination of all the things that communicate to you. In the beginning I am only pointing out that it is a two way street and that you do communicate back even if you just sit there and take it in with no struggle--which is like saying, "Yes, I agree."

We'll examine TV, movies, magazines, art, prominent people and persons. They will be looked at from the point of view of communication only. How they deliver, and what, with some comment on current results. You'd be advised to get interested because they do affect you and you want to know what and how things get into your system so that you can select and reject. Otherwise you'll simply follow the latest with no questions about how much you really want it or how important it really is. (Dom invites all comments and criticism.)□

Wow! look what's coming

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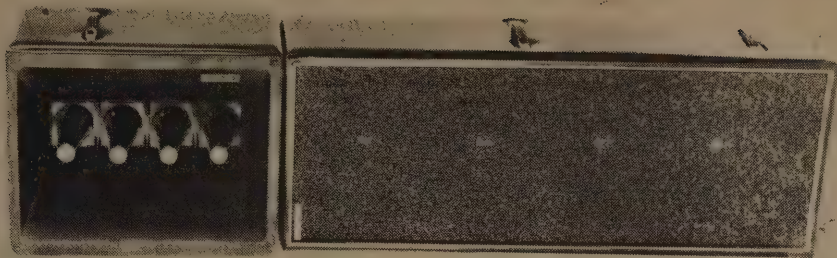


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Ovation Voice Emphasizer

Model K-6117-1 is shown mounted on an Ovation K-7114-1 public address column.

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The Voice Emphasizer, Frindt explains, can be added to any amplifying unit. It concentrates speaker power in the vocal range, instead of the customary diffusion over the full musical spectrum. Sound also is focused toward the

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GEORGE HARRISON



The Rocker

Through rain, tempest and flood, George ('Hey Jude' is at No. 1) Harrison drove up to London recently to join his mate Jackie Lomax for a cuppa tea and a chat. I sat with them in the new Apple offices in Savile Row, in comfort and style beneath the white angels and the cherubs fro-

licking on the ceiling in Georgian splendour. And as we talked, our chairs sank deep into the green Wilton that stretched miles towards the vast white walls of the beautiful room.

It was all very posh and awe-inspiring and — had I not been in the company of such normal people — I

suspect I might easily have succumbed to illusions of grandeur complaining about the terrible servant problem one gets in London these days.

We talked mainly around the theme of "Sour Milk Sea", that boom-boom kick-in-the-stomach rocker which George wrote and produced and which Jackie sings on his Apple single released recently.

The idea of them getting together emerged somewhere around 1963, but the Beatles suddenly had a few other matters to attend to. Jackie left the Undertakers, kicked around, went to America and came back again, and only now are he and George getting the time to work out ideas.

I told George it had been a bit of a surprise to find him writing and producing this big rocking number, considering the aura of Indian influence he'd built up over the last couple of years. Was it a deliberate attempt to smash his image?

George: "This is the problem. You see, I've got my 'Wonderwall' album coming out shortly and that's very Indian-influenced.

"But the thing with that is, I recorded it in December of last year and January 1968. I still like it. I still think it's very good. But it's not me.

"I'm back to being a rocker now... for a bit, at least. You go through so many changes and realizations, and so often you come right back where you started.

"I've realized another thing, that you can write a melody and it can be absolutely anything you like. It can become a jazz song, a folk song, a rock 'n' roll song - it can be anything. It just depends on how you treat it.

"For instance, you could sing 'Long Tall Sally' very sweet, or you could even do it as an Indian song if you wanted to. It's really a matter of concept.

"I'll tell you one of the things that influenced me in music in the last few months...around June I went to America because I'd promised to do a little part in this film of Ravi Shankar's. And around that time I had my sitar, and something happened whereby we never got the flight back from Los Angeles, and we ended up going to New York for two nights.

"Well, the general influence of the music... just go to America... it has an effect. If I was to go to the States now, this week, I'd pick up something of the vibration of what's going on.

"What I got over there last time was like the thing of Electric Flag and all that. That's what's going on over there."

I said some people might feel what was a Beatle doing saying he was still

greatly influenced by the pop music of others, when it was generally felt that the Beatles were themselves the Leaders of Influence.

George didn't see it that way. Said he: "We are only a collection of all the things we've ever been influenced by. We don't copy, of course. But the feel of the music in the States was heavy, and I happen to like that, and it just happened that when I got to New York there were people there like Jimi Hendrix and all of them and I really like what they're doing.

"After that I felt: Well, to go into one thing, you've got to neglect something else. For me to go into rock 'n' roll and become a rock 'n' roll guitarist as I want to, I've got to neglect Indian music.

"As for me working on the rock scene with Jackie, our general idea is just to do a lot of tracks to see what comes out next. We're mainly doing Jackie's compositions at the moment, not mine.

"It's a funny thing, but I wrote 'Sour Milk Sea' in Rikishesh in ten minutes. I didn't have a guitar in India, and John had a guitar, but was always playing it and there was only about ten minutes or half an hour, say, of an evening when I borrowed his guitar and wrote that song.

"Even though I was in India, I always imagined the song as rock 'n' roll. That was the intention."

And with sales of "Sour Milk Sea" gathering momentum and Jackie's record looking as if it could do very well for itself if it doesn't watch out, how does George rate its chances?

Answer: "I don't think it's an obvious hit, but I think it's a very good record. The whole thing of it is very good, although I think that, in a way, it goes above the heads of some people. It's not the type of record your mums and dads and all those type of people would buy — like a Mary Hopkin record.

"The thing is, you either have the choice of trying to make a hit, or trying to do what you want to do. And we made that choice...Jackie's whole thing is rock 'n' roll, and we both like that heavy, tight sound.

"We're now thinking of all those people who like rock 'n' roll music — and there's a hell of a lot of people who just want to hear that boom-boom sort of thing."

Now he's on his rock kick, however, how does George feel about some of his earlier, Indian-influenced work — "Inner Light," for example?

He gives a grin. "That was one of my precocious things.

"Very precocious, I am, when I get going."□alan smith

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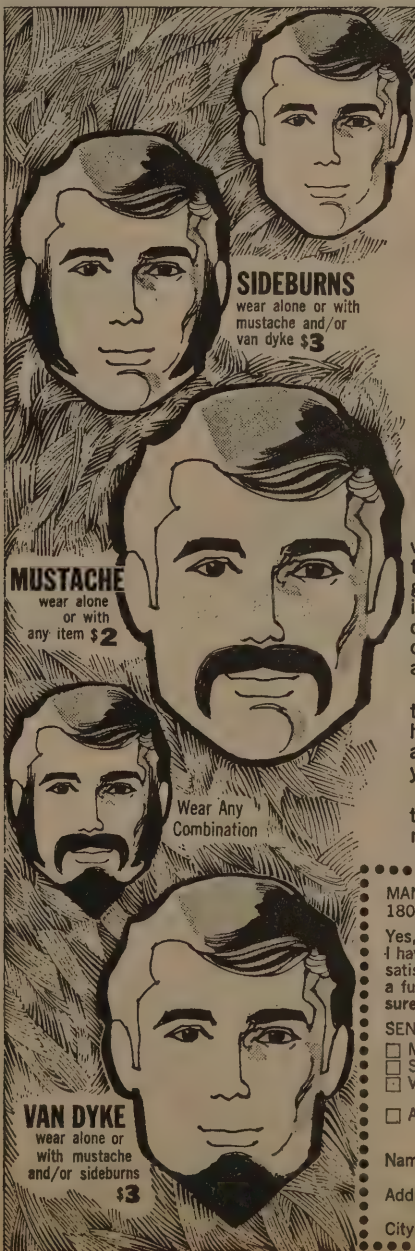
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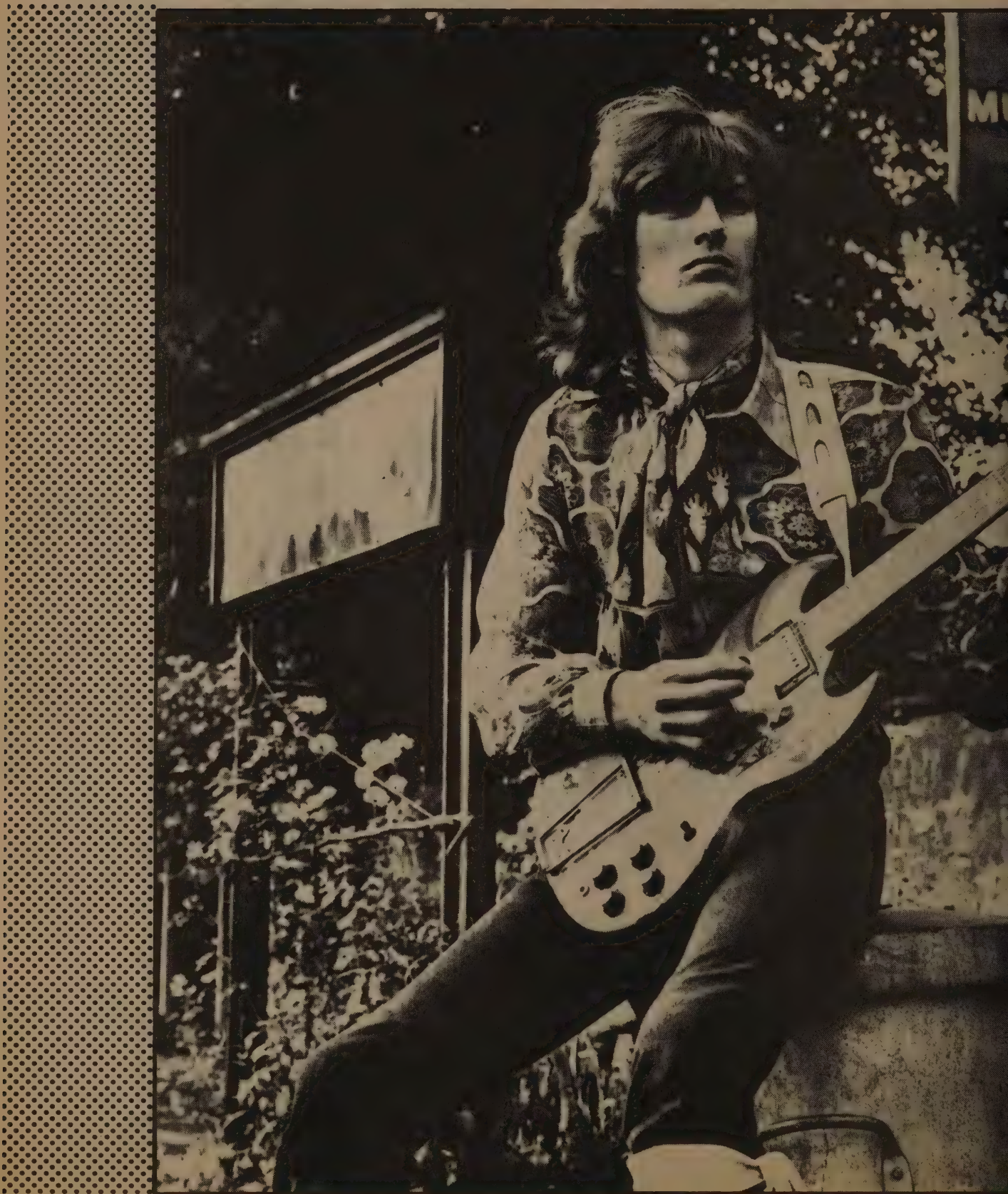
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JACKIE LOMAX



Another Good Apple



Under the sign of the Bull in the borough of Wallasey which lies upon the river Mersey in the north midlands county of Cheshire was born on May 10th 1944, John Richard Lomax, now known as Jackie who grew to a nine-stone weakling and still is.

His father is John Richard Lomax, a labourer in a flour mill and his mother is Edith and his elder brother is Jimmy whom when Jackie last heard of him, was thought to have been discharged from the Royal Navy, later to work in a brewery.

Jackie Lomax has green eyes and is 5ft. 9 inches tall he says, and when you really look at him you see he is quite tall but when he walks he slouches in that Merseyside way and you would think he was shorter, say 5ft. 7 inches masquerading as 5ft. 8 inches or thereabouts.

He went to school, to Wallasey Technical Grammar School where he won three O-levels, in Art, English, and Architectural drawing so you can imagine his surprise to find himself working as a motor mechanic in a scooter shop and then as a lorry driver and then as a time and wages clerk for the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board at the Pier Head in Liverpool.

In July 1962 he went to Germany with the Undertakers, a very good rock and roll group from Liverpool of whom you will have heard.

Terrifying days. Terrible people in random uniforms from some Ruritania hell parading the pavements as doorkeepers for clubs beyond your wildest nightmare. No place, no fit place Hamburg. No fit companions the Hamburgers, for Wallasey boys just out of school.

However, it must have been OK, Hamburg, because five times the Undertakers went to Hamburg and Jackie has nothing but rose-to-scarlet-hued memories of the Star Club and the Hamburg heyday when the Beatles swung with the Searchers with Rory Storme with Little Richard with Joey Dee with everyone who was there. Jackie had played with the Undertakers in and around Liverpool before the first Hamburg trip but the money wasn't great. It was better than great in Germany. Fifty quid a week, Jackie remembers. Fifty quid for playing eight hours a night and more.

Well that was fine, Jackie thinks because it was better than the Dock Board and there was a lot of craziness.

Once, they got drunk--those were the days when you got drunk--and shouted out of the window, "we won the war," and poured water over the population who didn't like it and called the police. Two members of the group were arrested, not Jackie. Oh no.

He was too young for arresting and too young to care anyway. One of the Undertakers was named Bugs (real name Warren: warren, rabbit rabbit bunny Bugs, yes) he dressed up as a gorilla and with a singer named Davy Jones dressed as an Arab, ransacked a shop, moved down the street into the sin market-place and there they caused considerable difficulties which didn't end until long after Bugs had been removed into hiding from the police, a force who to this day, are not given awards for scruples.

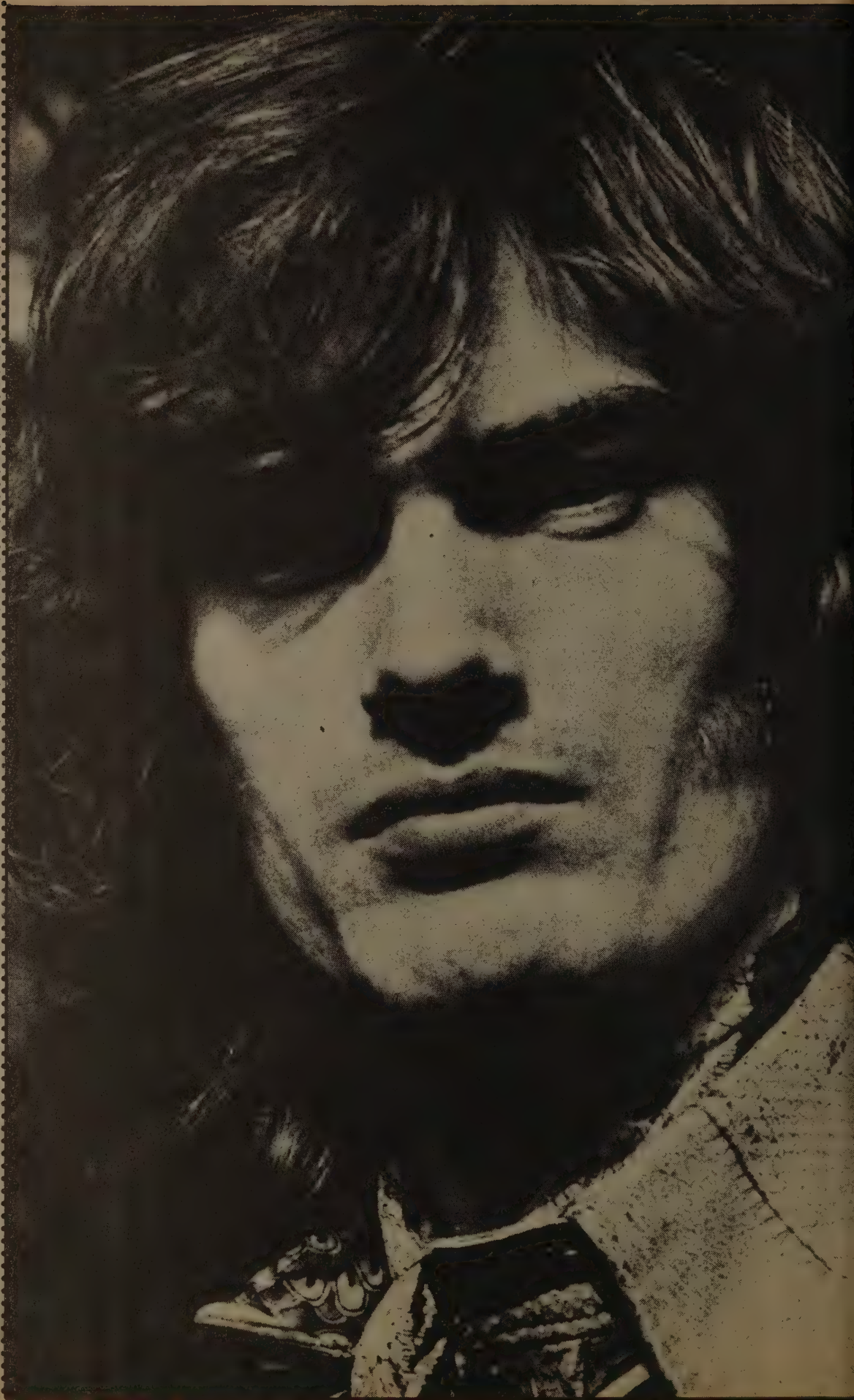
Bugs and the Little Rat, Jackie, Chris Huston, Brian-the Undertakers all had their crazy days in Hamburg and Jackie saved a surplus of 81 pounds and learned much more than he can recall.

Much he can recall of his life though; he is a specific man with a direct and cheerful optimism and though life has been more demanding upon his patience than upon his capacity to cope with stardom, he remains confident that he will do well on a world level and there is no doubt he will for now he is with Apple and Apple did not come into being to preside over the dissolution of the Lomax empire.

By 1966, the Undertakers were without a national hit, without regrets and they were continuously working for good money in good halls and it is not too much to say that there never was a better group's group than the Undertakers who by 1966, however, were ready to go to America.

Once in America, they were sent to do a tour of Canada--which should have been sufficient warning -- but not for long; five days out their manager came to them in the motel in despair and said "Sorry I can't pay you, I'm broke," which was true if unwelcome.

Thus by moonlight the Undertakers took themselves under the customs barrier to New York where they slept on the floor. Jackie was a central figure in these moments, binding their bruised



egos, soothing their overstrained souls, but he knew the group was through.

Jackie got a job with a unit called The Mersey Lads comprising exiled Liverpool men who had been to sea. "They loved me," he said "they wanted me to be with them for ever, but I didn't particularly fancy them so I left."

"A couple of the Undertakers got a job with the Lost Souls and they had a crippled singer named Mike whose father took ill and so the Lost Souls asked me to be a singer with them and to play guitar which I'd never done before: I was a bass player. So with one thing and another I kept active in New York for a lot of months and one night I was at a party when Cilla Black arrived.

"She said 'Brian's been looking for you, here's his 'phone number, so I 'phoned Brian Epstein and he said: 'Hello Jackie; how would you like to be a solo singer'."

But as it turned out, Jackie still felt happier in a group and thus was welded the Lomax Alliance, two British and two Americans, four young lads under the Epstein banner who charged the barricades and then fell back, for suddenly they were alone....

for Brian Epstein, in the last year of his sad and sometimes shinning life, was not well.

It came to pass that Jackie was again told "Go solo". He did and made a record with a twenty-one piece orchestra, his own song backed with a Bee Gees number and the result was unsuccessful.

Thank you.

Next please.

Chris Curtis came to Jackie (the Searchers ex-drummer, that's it) and said "let's form a group around you". "Right" said Jackie and went to Hille House, latest (1967) Beatles Summit and saw John and Paul and they said "Why do you need a group?"

Why?
This year is a new year and it is the year of Apple and (without a group, and with George as friend and producer) Jackie Lomax is flowering solo and it is not late, not very late.

It is quite early.

At 23, Jackie is quite early and none too soon.

He has recorded "Sour Milk Sea" and "The Eagle Laughs at You" by George himself respectively and they are excellent and you will like and recognize the characteristics of the backing.

Jackie is fond of sea-angling and of his parents both of whom fish; and he is fond, too of Wales and of places built out of rock and loneliness for he himself is built of juts and struts and a certain isolation. □derek taylor

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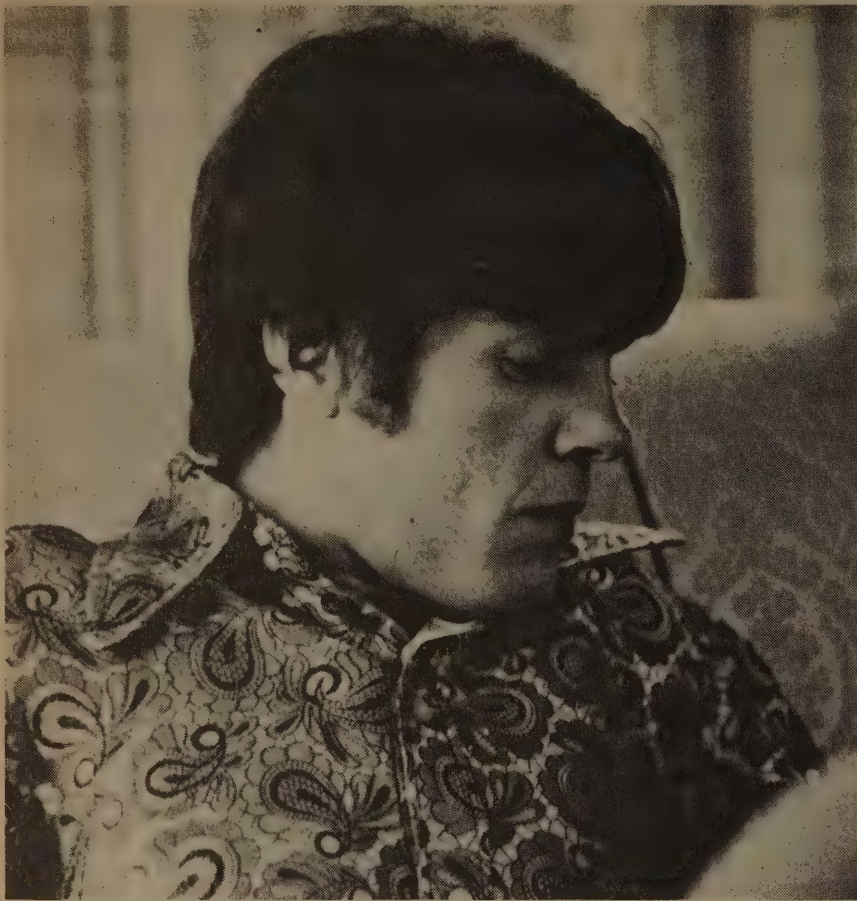


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THE BEE GEE *Who Feels Left Out*

Vince Melouney is the Bee Gee who believes an interviewer should be allowed to get to know the person he is interviewing, and vice versa. He is against the kind of interviews that were a feature of the Bee Gees earlier days, and to some extent still are, where the group is installed in their manager's flat or office and reporters line up for their "fifteen minutes with the boys."

So this was the Vince Melouney interview I conducted on a dustbin—I'm not proud.

Two builders were also in attendance when I called round to Vince's Belgravia mews house, situated just round the corner from Brian Epstein's old place.

In the upstairs living room, Vince's wife Diane sat watching the dripping of water from a hole in the ceiling into a bowl strategically placed on the floor.

As there is a delightful little pub at

the other end of the mews, we adjourned there, escaping from a crowded and stuffy interior to sit in the sun outside, with me on dustbin.

Vince, whose dedication to his music has been mistaken for moodiness, and Colin, whose reticence at interviews has been mistaken for shyness, have always been the shadowy Bee Gees, finding common links in their musical ideas and nationality against the brotherly closeness of the Gibbs.

"I have never really felt 100 per cent a Bee Gee," said Vince, who is as honest as he is sincere. "Because the talent that I have doesn't come up to the standard of the Gibb brothers' talent and I don't think I am adding as much as they are."

"Within the context of what they are playing I realize that my ideas don't augment their ideas."

Would it be a sad moment for him if, as Barry has said is possible, the Bee Gees were to cease to exist as a group after two years? It is then, says Barry, that there will be another re-think on the group's future.

"I would be unhappy that we might lose our friendship," said Vince. "But I think musically we would be happier because in two years we would have had two years more knowledge and I am sure we would be terribly frustrated."

"I would say that if I had not joined the Bee Gees I would not have had the ideas that I have now. I have been very strongly influenced by the Gibb brothers' compositions and very strongly influenced by Robert Stigwood through his ideas and the way he goes about dealing with situations."

"That is why I am not scared about how it may be. Over the past eight or nine years I have had a hell of a lot of letdowns and I have earned a hell of a lot of money."

"But I learned one thing in Australia, and I have always had this thing, that if I was in a group that didn't seem to be progressing I always left it even if they were earning big money. Because I would feel I was letting myself down as a musician."

"We've had happy times. We've had a lot of great times together and those I will remember in times to come. There have also been a lot of bad times, but owing to the way life takes you, you cannot expect to be knocked out with what is happening all the time."

"But the greatest thing for me in the Bee Gees has been the influence of the Gibb brothers on me and the traveling we have done over the past few years."

"The places we have been have had different atmospheres and ways of life and they have helped me widen my views on different subjects."

"And I am very indebted for being one of the Bee Gees because so many people in this world have not been able to go to all the places that I have been."

Vince's current interest, and one of which he talks with tremendous and infectious enthusiasm, is in a new young group called Ashton, Gardner and Dyke, named after their surnames.

Tony Ashton and Roy Dyke were once with Remo Four and Kim Gardner is from Creation. All have been in the business seven or eight years, but they have been together for only a matter of weeks.

"Tony came to one of the Bee Gees sessions," said Vince. "I had already decided that I would go into production. We got talking and his ideas seemed very very good. I heard them rehearsing and they were the most together group I had heard for such a short space of time and I was very, very excited."

Vince describes their ideas as a cross

between jazz and blues, turning more to the hazz side. It is the kind of thing Vince himself would like to get involved in if, in the future, a Bee Gees breakup does come about.

"They have an individual thing happening for them," he continued. And because they are technically brilliant musicians, they can overcome the blatantly commercial obvious and they are playing commercial music but with a brilliant feel and the use of a lot of unconventional styling.

"Personally, I dig any music. Anything where a lot of thought has gone into it. Doesn't have to be jazz or blues or anything. And their music had a hell of a lot of thought behind it.

"This is what I am interested in because the harder you work the better a musician you become. But they have so much in this group. Not only brilliant musicians, they have a lot of character.

"A lot of groups are influenced by other groups and they lose their character, but these boys were separate from the usual group scene."

Whatever his personal future, Vince will always be involved in music, and his ideal is to perform at the Philharmonic Hall, at the Lincoln Center because no pop group has come up to a high enough standard to play there before. "To play there I would be the happiest guy in the world."

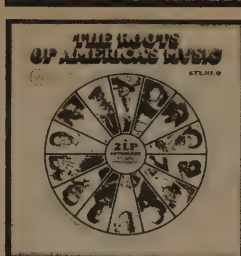
He says: "I dearly believe that for people to buy records you don't have to record blatantly commercial music. It all depends how melodious the melody is, what is happening in the background. The rhythm should augment the vocal and the vocal should augment the rhythm.

"You can get so many beautiful things happening and it is still commercial. I think Arthur Brown is trying to do that. But a lot of groups that are making it, like the Doors and Jefferson Airplane, have gone out with weird ideas that haven't quite come off."

Like Colin, Vince is currently feeling the influence of the Band through their album "Music From Big Pink". He says: "I am influenced to the extent that I can see what they are doing and I respect that. I've let their ideas influence me but I haven't used them; I've let their ideas augment my ideas."

And he said suddenly: "I have just found out in the last few months that there are so many beautiful things in this world that I could never see before. I've learned so much about people that I want to go on learning a lot more."

The guitarist who has passed through more groups than he can remember in search of his musical ideal will succeed because, more than anything, he has the will to. ☐nick logan



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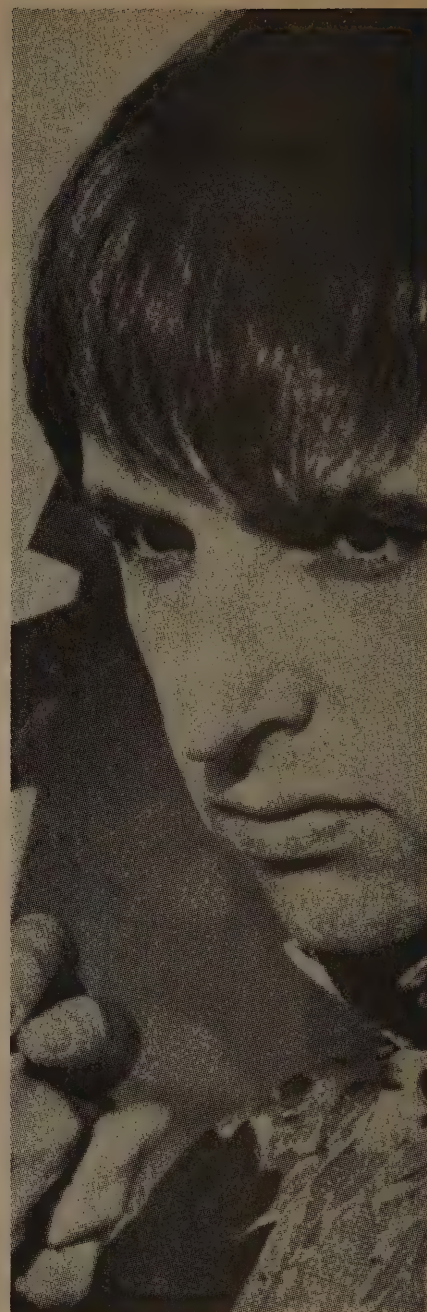
my favorite records

by Terry Kirkman of The Association

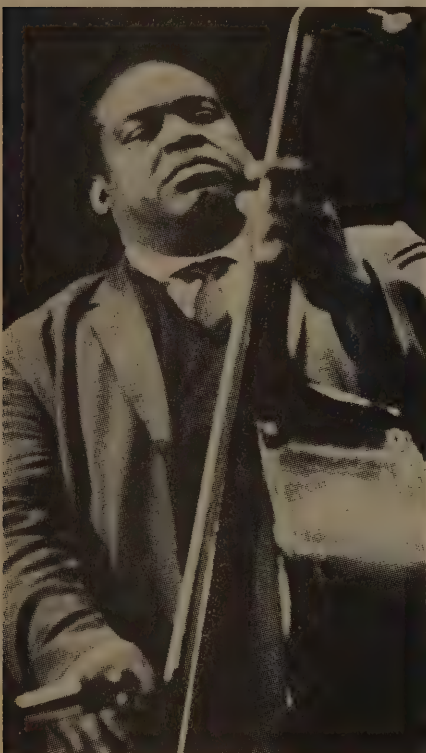
The first album that comes to my mind is "Pet Sounds" by the Beach Boys. Brian Wilson got into more solid, complete creativity than almost any album I've ever heard. That album is still amazing to hear. He got very clean separation between the bass and the guitars and the voices. There's not a bit of mud anywhere. He says he worked six months on this album and it really shows. I love the words too. It's one of the best ever for lyrics. It's not terribly commercial either, except for "Caroline No." Overall it's a good solid trip. The only song that rubbed me sideways was "Sloop John B" and even that's fun. But it destroys the mood of the album for me.

The Joni Mitchell album is incredible. She's one of the finest poets today. She obviously has a grand understanding of her craft, for her alliteration and her metric quality is unsurpassed. I can't think of anyone today who writes lyrics as well as she does. Everyone should study her album. I like to think an English professor somewhere is holding her album up as a fine example of American poetry. That's not quite fair because she's Canadian and there are certainly great English poets around. I'll say she's a great English poet.

She's quite willing to reach into delicate areas, very adventurous in her craft. She's a great singer, very imaginative and gently stylized. Onstage it's just her and her guitar and she's incredible. She even lives in the kind of house you'd imagine, completely organic - brick, stone and wood with a big brass bed and tiffany lamps. She's incredible.



I always get Judy Collins' last two albums mixed up. "In My Time" and "Wild Flower". I always listen to them together. Judy sings quite a bit of Joni's material but these two albums are very gutsy in the instrumentals. Judy and David Anderle of Elektra records have involved themselves in beautifully total projects. They use strings, brass and string bands all sorts of instruments and all sorts of songs. "We've Come To Kill The Dove" is an incredible undertaking. A very difficult song to do, to sustain lyrical repetition that long and make it exciting. But she does it. I've admired Judy for a long time as a friend and a performer. She's extremely honest because she's doing things pertinent to her and not gunning for a hit record. It seems the music business is heading in that direction. □



WILLIE DIXON
TALKS TO JIM DELEHANT

Boogie woogie is still big all over. Most people don't recognize it anymore because it's been wrapped up in rock and roll. Boogie is the same thing as rock with a different beat behind it. They used to call boogie piano "Dudlow Joes" in Mississippi. I didn't hear it called boogie till long after. If a guy played boogie piano they'd say he was a Dudlow player. Later on guitars played boogie too.

I was reminiscing with Little Brother Montgomery and he was telling me how the pianists changed their style. When I was a little boy in Mississippi, I used

to run around and follow the bands through the streets. They had the band up on the back of a truck and I loved it. I remember Little Brother up on the truck playing piano. You've got to hear him do "Ferry Street Drive." It's the most beautiful thing. It's very different than the later boogie of Pete Johnson. It was a different sound, bass background and style. Years ago they called it Dudlow.

I knew Chuck Berry from St. Louis for a long time. I asked him to come to Chicago long before he came. I played in St. Louis for a while. When Chuck first came up to Chess, they didn't like him because he had too much hillbilly in his music. He went home and straightened it out and when he came back we cut "Maybelline." I was on all those first sessions with him.

We got some good session men now. I use Lafayette Leake on piano. Fred Below, Al Duncan on drums, Harold Ashby and Gene Barge on saxophone. I cut lots of gospel stuff too for Duke and Peacock. Leake is on all of that stuff.

I went on the road with Chuck Berry for a while. We went as far as Tennessee and Kentucky. We had a wonderful time, a lot of fun. Leake was with us. I wouldn't go anywhere without Leake. He plays beautiful piano. I had my own band with Leake for a while. We cut "Walkin' The Blues" and got to tour quite a bit after that record.

First time I saw electric guitar was back in the 1930's. They were home-made then. They'd get a pickup with a suction cup on the back of the guitar or under the strings or they'd drop a mike in the hole.

Sonny Boy Williamson (Rice Miller) had an electric pickup for his harp long before the guitar had them. You couldn't hear the harp over the horns. You couldn't hear him chord. The horn player couldn't play soft because they couldn't play their best. Electric guitar gave rise to great guitar soloists. The harmony chords could match up to the horns too. Charlie Christian is one of the first I ever heard that played solo with a band. When I saw him though, he had to hold the guitar in front of a microphone to be heard. T. Bone Walker was one of the first, too. He was closer to Charlie Christian in the way he used riffs.

Some of the first music I could call rock and roll was by Jimmy Bennett in 1939. Then there were some guys called Jelly, Shorty and Floyd in the 5 Blazees. This Shorty was a rocker and everybody got mad at him because he had a different feeling. It was boogie woogie but it had a different beat. Bennett and Shorty would beat their chords a little different - change the rhythm of the chord. You can change the drum beat to backbeat, double beat, triplets, paradiddles. Those beats change the tone and sound even if it's the same chord. □

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It happened this way: Bill and Nancy were playing in Arkansas with "The Solips" and they met Bob in Little Rock. Trevor came up from New Orleans (sent by Warren A. Gardner) and they all met him. They all got run out of town and went to Hoboken where they met Luke, who had been there all the time. The scene: they are half-mad dervishes of the 20th century. "The Insect Trust is Mutable Steam." Steam along with Robert Fulton and his paddle-wheel boys. Skimming lightly over the history of our country we come to the members of the Insect Trust, hereinafter referred to as the group.

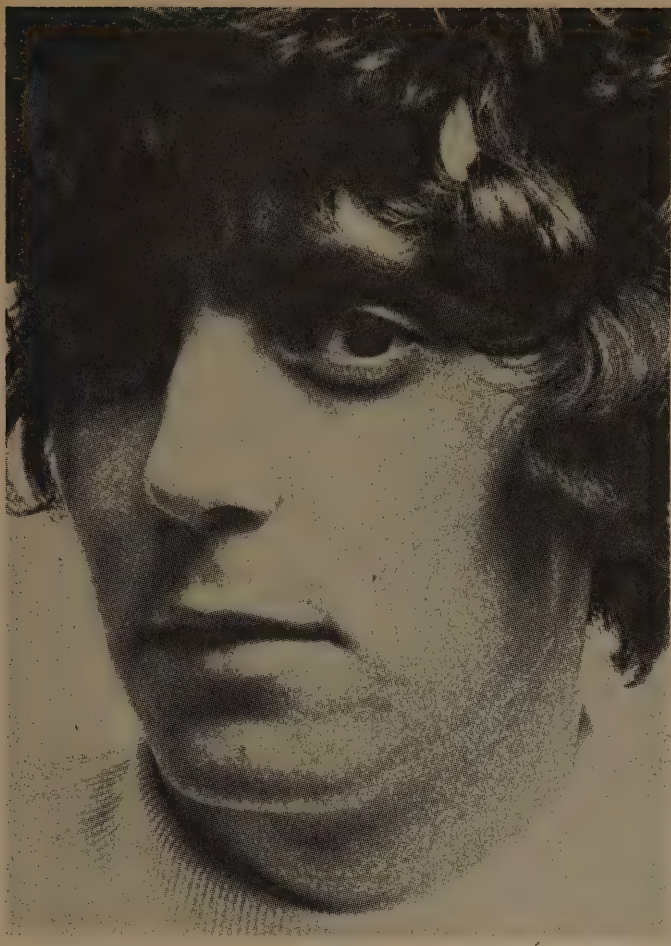
Luke - Aries, 33 year old, born in NY brought up all over New England and, started on the harmonica at nine, wrote what I could write, drew what I could draw, kept my bike well oiled, started banjo at 15 when I came back to NY (that's movin' south you know) Almost made a record for Prestige...they still have the tapes (7, 8 years ago.) (Well, four or five). Played around NY, then into painting for several years until I learned how to sing. After the army, I regenerated my life in Hoboken, studying tai chi chuan and will dance thru you. Music came back to me, in other words Trevor, Bill, Bob, Nancy...the mountain came to Mohammed."

Nancy - no matter what, I always sing.

Bill - born in NY into folk music (traditional) discovered country blues, lot of travel cross-country, played with John Fahey, moved to Memphis to be close to country blues, met (trad blues) then started getting into postwar music too. Organized Memphis Blues Festival (Third annual held last summer) and research into country blues.

Trevor - born in Minnesota, raised in Alaska 2½ years music at college of Pacific, 10 years real musical knowledge gained in and about San Francisco including bouts with Charlie Parker, Pony Poindexter, John Handy, Pharoah Sanders, Sonny Simmons, Big Mama Thornton, Anita O'Day, Joe Turner, and many others; own group last five years in Frisco...travelin' two years. New Orleans with Lionel Hampton, then on road with Eddie Arnold, Tennessee Ernie Ford, George Kirby, Pat Boone, and midwest territory bands. Brought to Memphis by Warren Gardner to play in 2nd annual Memphis Blues Festival. Met other Insects.

Bob - born in Little Rock, also raised, lot of word writing, clarinet at 12, listened to big bands, then modern jazz, then rock, began to play around town as a teenager between writing poetry...played dixieland clarinet, rhythm and blues, sax, C&W and the twist in various road-houses and not-so-private clubs down home. Saxophone at 19, recorder at same time. Music in general. Met Solips in Little Rock played with Bill and Nancy in Memphis, etc. □



TERRY REID

Of nineteen-year-old Epic recording artist Terry Reid, whose debut album is entitled "Bang Bang You're Terry Reid," Aretha Franklin has said: "There are only three things happening in London: The Beatles, The Rolling Stones and Terry Reid." Terry has been described by the British press as "a pencil-slim Cockney to the core," "a tremendous talent" and "the darling of London's discotheques." Jeff Beck added, "He's the biggest thing to happen since the Beatles," and the Jefferson Airplane insisted that Terry be added to their London show, saying "He's the most exciting thing we've ever heard."

Lean and lanky, the charismatic singer, composer and guitarist has been described by his producer Mickie Most (the man behind Donovan, Lulu, Jeff Beck and Herman's Hermits) as embodying "all the freshness that keeps this business moving." On Reid's recent trip to the United States, he appeared on the same bill as the Cream and played Madison Square Garden, Fill-

more East, and the Scene in New York and the Whiskey-A-Go-Go, among other spots on the West Coast.

Born in the hitherto star-virgin territory of Paxton Park, Huntingdonshire, on November 13, 1949, Terry began singing with a local group after school hours. At the age of 15 he left home and went to London, where he performed with Peter Jay and the Jaywalkers. The group played dance halls and clubs, accompanied stars during summer seasons and performed with the Rolling Stones during that memorable concert at Albert Hall. All the time Terry was observing, listening, absorbing and learning.

Six months ago Terry organized his own trio in which he could, when the occasion required, sing his own material. "I wanted a truly professional group. A product that could play any gig, go on the road at a moment's notice, undertake any session in any circumstance — including chaos." When Mickie Most, producer, caught them at the Revolution they were the "truly professional group," the "product" Terry had envisioned. Their performance prompted Most to say "This is the most exciting thing that has happened to me for years." And they've been generating excitement among performers and audiences on both sides of the Atlantic ever since. □

HARVEY MANDEL

Harvey Mandel was born in Detroit 23 years ago and moved to Chicago as a youngster. His first encounter with music came with a set of bongo drums he purchased as a plaything. After becoming friendly with a young folksinger, he bought his first guitar at the age of 16 - a \$17 number that he still likes to joke about.

Six months later he joined his first rock group and then came an almost endless succession of playing with local groups. When he was 18 he met an older musician, 28-year-old Thad Ericksen.

"He and I formed a group," he recalls. "We would play at a number of hillbilly bars around Broadway. We used to sneak in and play because I wasn't 21 years old. Thad and I were the permanent members, and we'd always find different people to play along with us at each gig."

Thad Ericksen was Harvey's first major contact. His second, and one of his most important was Sammy Fender, who now has one of the top R&B bands in the city of Chicago.

Says Harvey: "I first met Sammy at Magoos, an R&B club on Broadway. I went in and saw him playing. This was just after Thad and I had parted."

"I was super-fascinated by listening to him and we just sort of really hit it off very well. He

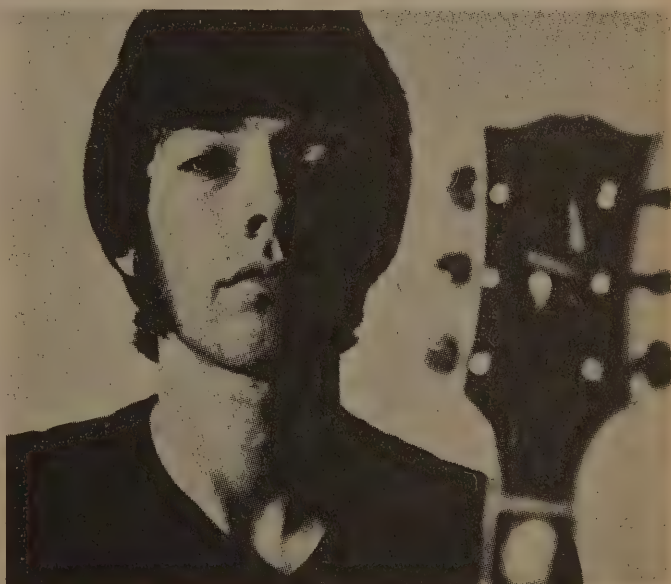
was playing with a group at the time, and I told him I needed a bass.

"He came with me and we began working Twist City on Madison Street. It was always Sammy and me, working with different people behind us. That's where I really learned to play."

And it's where Harvey really got into the blues bag. From Twist City it was just a short jump to the heavy places where the great bluesmen worked — Pepper's Lounge, the Golden Peacock, the C and T Lounge, and all the others. To sitting in with the Buddy Guys and the Howlin' Wolfs and the Magic Sams. To being featured in the Barry Goldberg Blues Band.

Then it was regular gigging for Harvey. Playing with groups on Rush Street, Chicago's sprawling nightclub section. Performing six nights a week, working until two, three, four in the morning. Making a little bread, but really going nowhere.

Then came the Coast. Abe Kesh, Mercury Record Corporation's San Francisco producer and a dj at the time on KMPX-FM, the city's top underground station, heard Harvey's playing on a Charlie Musselwhite album. Kesh got in touch with Harvey, who at the time was performing with the Busters, a Chicago rock act. He said he would find work for the musician if he would come to San Francisco.



So Harvey, Charlie and the members of the Busters went to San Francisco in September, 1967, and called themselves Charlie Musselwhite and his South Side Sound System. They worked some good gigs, but there are only so many out there. The members of the band, with the exception of Harvey and Charlie and the group's drummer, missed the regular salaries they were drawing on the Rush Street circuit. So they split.

Harvey went his own way.

Playing gigs with San Francisco and LA cats. Doing studio work, including the "Barry Goldberg Reunion" LP. And wherever he went, he came to be regarded as one of the top guitarists on the scene.

Most of Harvey's intricate guitar work is built around the blues. After all, that was his main thing back in Chicago. It's also influenced by jazz. It's also excellent, as you can hear on Harvey's debut Philips LP, "Cristo Redentor." □

PARADE OF SONG HITS

•ABRAHAM, MARTIN & JOHN

(As recorded by Dion/Laurie)
DICK HOLLER

Has anybody here seen my old friend
Abraham
Can you tell me where he's gone
He's freed a lot of people but the good
die young
die young
I just looked around and he's gone.

Has anybody here seen my old friend John
Can you tell me where he's gone
He's freed a lot of people but the good
die young.

I just looked around and he's gone.
Has anybody here seen my old friend
Martin
Can you tell me where he's gone
He's freed a lot of people but the good
die young.

I just looked around and he's gone.
Didn't you love the things they stood for
Didn't they try to bring some good for
you and me
And we'll be free
Someday soon it's gonna be one day.

Has anybody here seen my old friend
Bobby
Can you tell me where he's gone
I thought I saw him walkin' up over the
hill with Abraham and Martin and John.

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•WHO'S MAKING LOVE

(As recorded by Johnny Taylor/Stax)

HOMER BANKS
BETTYE CRUTCHER
DON DAVIS
RAYMOND JACKSON

All you fellows gather 'round me
And let me give you some good advice
What I'm gonna, gonna ask you now
You better think about it twice
While your out cheatin' on your woman
There something you never, even thought
of and that is
Who's making love to your old lady?
While you were out making love
Hear me now
Who's making love to your old lady?
While you were out making love.

I've seen so, so many fellows all in that
same old bag
Thinking that a woman is made to, to be
beat on and treated so bad
Oh, fellows let me ask you something I'm
sure that you never ever dreamed of
(Repeat chorus).

I know that other woman gives the other
excuse
I'm not trying to run your life
Boy, it's up to you
Oh you, oh you.

Reason why I ask this question
I used to be the same old way
When I decided to straighten up I found
it was a bit too late
Oh that's when it all happened
Something I never ever dreamed of.

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•IF I CAN DREAM

(As recorded by Elvis Presley/RCA
Victor)
W. EARL BROWN

There must be lights burning brighter
somewhere
Got to be birds flying higher in a sky
more blue
If I can dream of a better land
Where all my brothers walk hand in hand
Tell me why, oh why, oh why can't my
dream come true, oh why
There must be peace and understanding
sometimes
Strong winds of promise that will blow
away the doubt and fear
If I can dream of a warmer sun
Where hope keeps shining on everyone
Tell me why, oh why, oh why
Won't that sun appear.

We're lost in a cloud
With too much rain
We're trapped in a world that's troubled
with pain
But as long as a man has the strength
to dream
He can redeem his soul and life
Deep in my heart there's a tremblin'
question
Still I am sure that the answer, answer's
gonna come somehow
Out there in the dark
There's a beckoning candle
And while I can think, while I can talk
While I can stand, while I can walk
While I can dream
Please let my dream come true
Right now, let it come true right now,
oh yeah.

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•BELLA LINDA

(As recorded by the Grass Roots/
Dunhill)

BARRY GROSS
STEVE BARRI

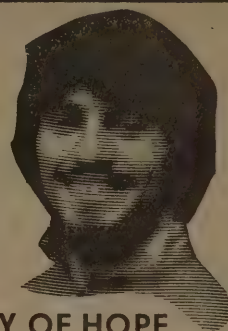
I. MOGUL

L. BATTISTI

Bella Linda try and understand
Bella Linda I'm doing all I can
Bella Linda I'm only what I am
It's so hard for me to say
The things I really feel
If I could I'd chase away the pain in
your eyes
Reveal the pain your eyes reveal from
foolish things I've done
The times that I let you down
And I'll never change believe me I try
If you go away you know I'll die,
You know I love ya
Please don't say goodbye.

We've had bad times through the years
And though I've made you cry
Think of me through tender tears
And try to close your eyes
And try to close your eyes to thoughtless
things I do
And dreams that don't come true
Cause I'll never change believe me I try
If you go away you know that I'll die
You know I love ya
Please don't say goodbye.

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•A RAY OF HOPE

(As recorded by the Rascals/Atlantic)
FELIX CAVALIERE
EDDIE BRIGATI

Most people got soul
If they wanna try
Let love be your goal
And let it fly
Cause it's easy to hate
And to draw a line
But error is human, forgiveness is divine
I know a lot of people who think like me
That this world can be a place that's filled
with harmony
First there's a lot of things we've got to
re-arrange
Put an end to hate and lies
So peace can come and truth shall reign.

As long as there is a ray of hope
Lord, I don't mind goin' out and doin'
my work
Light up the way to brotherhood
Help us to make His dream understood.

Sometimes the road gets a little bit rough
Your strength is all gone
You had enough
But there's people who win without making
fists
Our world won't survive lest we think like
this.

I can't imagine any greater need
To treat each other as we'd like to be
It's a gas just knowing what is yet to
come
Not unless we get together
Got to get together one by one.

As long as there is a ray of hope
Lord, I don't mind goin' out and doin'
my work
Light up the way to brotherhood
I got to keep on searchin', keep on
searchin'
Till I find out
Keep on searchin', keep on searchin'
Till I find out

Gonna take a little look way down inside
Gotta find out Lord, why I'm alive
We'll pray for a day when all men are
free
And people can live like they're meant to
be
Meanwhile it's all up to you and me
Start working together toward this dream.

As long as there is a ray of hope
Lord, I don't mind goin' out and doin'
my work
Light up the way to brotherhood
Help us to make His dream understood
As long as there is a ray of hope
I got to wait my turn till I can vote
As long as there is a ray of hope.

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platter chatter

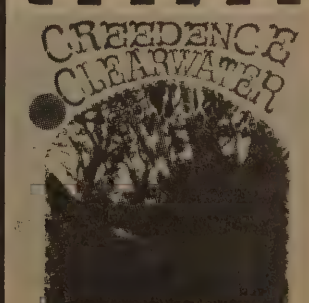
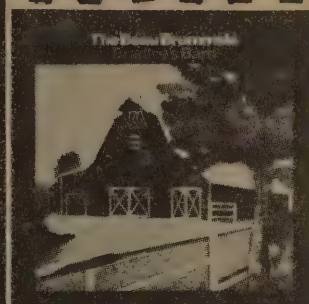
CRUISING WITH RUBEN & THE JETS is the Mothers recording under a different name in a last ditch attempt to get their music on the radio. We have here a collection of "love songs of simplicity." It's certainly a curious trip into nostalgic regression, yet Zappa uses the doo-wop, bass profundo, high tenor harmony with painful accuracy as well as modernizing the basic dynamics. If you're old enough to remember digging the Spaniels and the Valentines and perhaps indulged in a bit of men's room crooning yourself, you'll laugh your head off over this album. The music is a satire on the way of life that produced going steady and breaking up. Zappa and Ray Collins wrote all the gems here and the lyrics are masterful re-creations of kicks and anxiety... "bop, like a spinning top"... "down the street, heart skips a beat"... "Fountain of love"... "Love of my life, I love you so"... "When I'm dancing with Desiri, all the boys are jealous of me." Looking back now, the adults who knocked rock didn't have the slightest idea what was going on. That "horrible" music served a purpose more important than we'll ever know and Zappa's loving treatment of it drives the point home. A question. What do modern teenagers think of this album? Also, you mustn't miss Ruben Sano's high school yearbook mug and story of the Jets on the back of this album. A real sharp, fine album loaded with class from Frank Zappa's very own Bizarre productions. (Verve V6 5055-X)

INSECT TRUST rambles from boring to brilliant. They aren't really together yet, but the album is interesting from the standpoint of hearing all the musics playing in their heads. Herein lies the fascination, boredom and excitement of rock. Because of the record companies' mad race to cash in, snapping up all the talent they can find as quickly as possible, we listeners can follow the progression of rock on a trial and error basis. Insect Trust is experimenting in the recording studio, trying to tie as much music together as their capacity will allow. That attempt might sound pretentious. You've heard it fail before in the hands of other groups but Insect Trust is using their hearts as well as their hands and they're not without a sense of humor. The use of baritone and alto sax is what causes the static. Country folk music is at the bottom of it all, and the horns feel against the grain. "The Skin Game" begins with soft folk guitar, then strained horns that break into hard jazz riffs and electronic garble. "World War I Song" is old country jazz with clarinet and bottle neck guitar. "Miss Fun City" is banjo folk with Indian feelin the vocal and sax tremolo. "Special Rider Blues" is good and hard folk, hard horn riffs, into free form Indian thing with angry Coltrane horns and then an Indian fiddle breakdown with banjo. "Declaration of Independence" is a beautifully successful song, great lyrics and the horns work over the folk bottom. "Mountain Song" opens with a hillbilly harmony vocal and breaks into a banjo instrumental with gassy Indian percussion and flute. Nancy Jeffries had a wonderfully rich voice, sort of a barrel house Grace Slick. You'll dig all the ideas in this album. (Capitol SKAO 109)

RHINOCEROS is another chapter in the book of **Big Pink**. Rhino isn't copying **Big Pink**, rather their styles both seem to have evolved at the same time. This super-high quality earthy white soul is the most interesting advance in the history of popular music. Being city oriented, Rhino is a hard band but not without the subtleties of church music and funky country overtones in the rolling bass, drums and organ. The vocals are powerful examples of modern usage of hillbilly-gospel harmony like "When You Say You're Sorry." The rhythm and blues influence seems to come specifically from Memphis. Just dig "You're My Girl," the building, driving, rhythm, falling a half beat behind and in front of the drummer and the Sam and Dave powerhouse vocals. Then there's a New York-Memphis instrumental called "Apricot Brandy" with excellent organ. New bands coming up are finally using organ imaginatively and tastefully in rock. On "I've Been There" piano, organ and guitar weave a thick soul texture with great feeling for the vocal. Some tunes have two lead guitars, but they never get in the way. John Finley's great soulful voice fits the band perfectly. The good guys are listening very closely to the right kinds of music. A beautiful album. (Elektra EKS - 74030)

BRADLEY'S BARN involves an extremely successful trip the Beau Brummels made to Nashville. It appears that Sal Valentino and Ron Elliot are the only two remaining of the original quintet. They wrote their songs, booked some of Nashville's finest session men and went out to Bradley's studio in the woods to get it all down. Sal is a natural born country singer and Ron is a natural born country guitarist, but the music here is new-breed country. These are musicians who went through rock and roll and folk music and now they're settling where they feel comfortable. Don't miss it. (Warner Bros. WS 1760)

CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL is a beautiful band. There are only four guys but they do more cooking than most larger bands. Rock, despite criticism to the contrary, is probably the first music that can be so versatile rhythmically. And it's great to discover good cooking bands. Just as you grow disenchanted with all the garbage bands somebody like Clearwater comes along and knocks your head off. You forgot about swing rhythm, right? The Spoonful had it and the Youngbloods have it, but it's just not used enough. Wow, does it feel good. Clearwater has one called "Get Down Woman". Are groups afraid to play swing? Wait till you hear them do "99 1/2". These guys really listened to Pickett and they make the song so you can hear the horns in your head. John Fogarty plays lead guitar and sings up a storm. Yup, he really does. Loads of fun, this album. There seems to be a sudden upsurge of real good stuff. (Fantasy 83827)

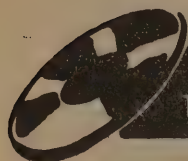


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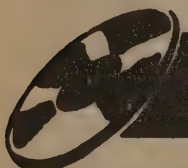
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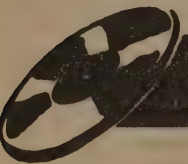
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ME A PICTURE



I'M YOUR PUPPET



I GOT
THE FEELING



AND MANY MORE...

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- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Rain On The Roof | 19. Sure Gonna Miss Her |
| 2. Winchester Cathedral | 20. Daydream |
| 3. Good Vibrations | 21. Somewhere |
| 4. You Don't Have To Paint Me A Picture | 22. Bang Bang |
| 5. I'm Your Puppet | 23. Good Lovin' |
| 6. I Got The Feeling | 24. Kicks |
| 7. Summer In The City | 25. Michelle |
| 8. I Couldn't Live Without Your Love | 26. Tell Me Why |
| 9. Blowin' In The Wind | 27. Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window |
| 10. Warm And Tender Love | 28. Sounds Of Silence |
| 11. Pretty Flamingo | 29. Five O'Clock World |
| 12. See You In September | 30. A Well Respected Man |
| 13. Paint It, Black | 31. Turn Turn Turn |
| 14. I Am A Rock | 32. I Hear A Symphony |
| 15. Red Rubber Ball | 33. But You're Mine |
| 16. Green Grass | 34. Get Off Of My Cloud |
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| 18. Girl In Love | 36. Run Baby Run |

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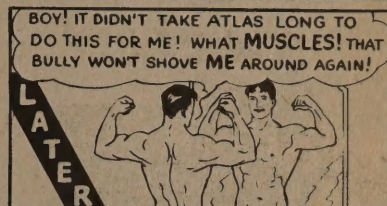
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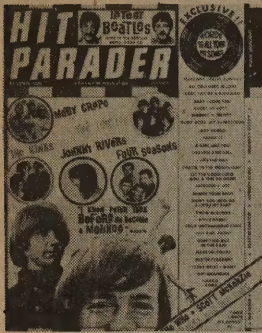
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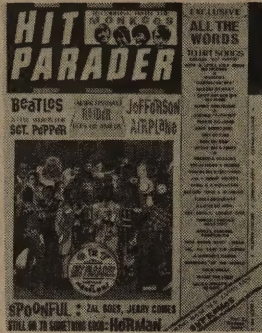
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OCTOBER, 1967

Monkees, 4 Seasons, Turtles, Kinks, Beatle Interview, Who, Scott McKenzie, Stax Story, Airplane.

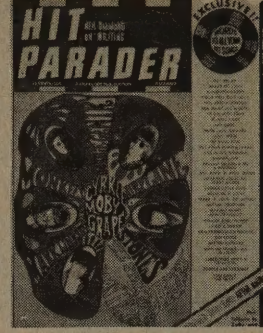
"Pleasant Valley Sunday"
"All You Need Is Love"
"Baby I Love You"
"Fakin' It"
"A Girl Like You"
"White Rabbit"



NOVEMBER, 1967

Recording With Monkees, Spoonful, Herman, Rascals, Supremes, Janis Ian, Booker T., Jefferson Airplane

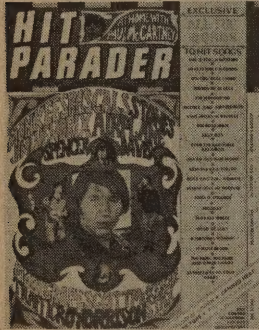
Beatles' "Sgt. Pepper"
Monkees' "Headquarters"
Stones' "Flowers"
"Reflections"
"Heroes And Villains"
"Apples, Peaches, Pumpkin Pie"



DECEMBER, 1967

Roy Orbison's Rock History, Neil Diamond, Cyrtie, Mark Lindsay, Paul Butterfield, Stax, Airplane, Bee Gees, Bobbie Gentry

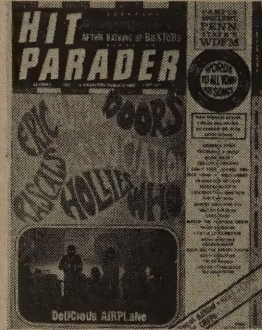
"Never My Love"
"To Sir With Love"
"How Can I Be Sure"
"Soul Man"
"Dandelion"
"The Letter"



JANUARY, 1968

Paul McCartney, Rolling Stones, Jimi Hendrix, Spencer Davis, Traffic, Airplane, Moby Grape, Roy Orbison

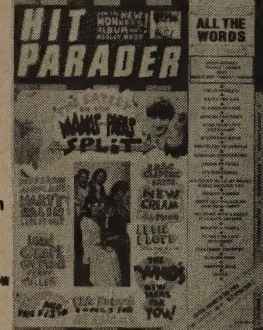
"She Is Still A Mystery"
"Love Is Only Sleeping"
"Incense & Peppermints"
"A Natural Woman"
"The Rain, The Park"
"Keep The Ball Rollin"
"King Midas In Reverse"



FEBRUARY, 1968

Airplane At Baxter's, Eric Burdon, The Doors, The Who, The Association, Procol Harum, Rascals, Moby Grape, Herb Alpert

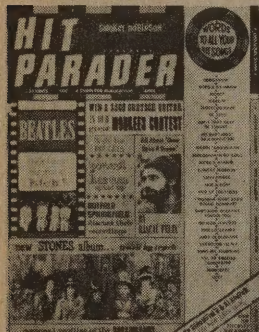
Monkees "Pisces" Album
"I Heard It Through The Grapevine"
"I Second That Emotion"
"Watch The Flowers Grow"
"Skinny Legs & All"
"In And Out Of Love"



MARCH, 1968

Mama's & Papa's, Eric Clapton, Gladys Knight & Pips, Young Rascals, Country Joe & Fish, Who, Airplane, Monkee Album

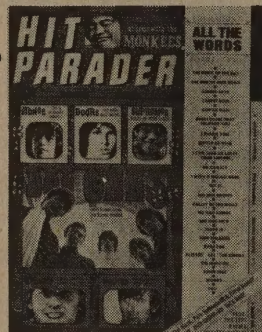
Beach Boys "Smiley" Songs
"Hello Goodbye"
"Watch Her Ride"
"Love Me Two Times"
"Wear Your Love Like Heaven"
"Chain Of Fools"



APRIL, 1968

Smokey Robinson Interview, Beatles' Movie, Buffalo Springfield, Bee Gees, Stones' Album, Rascals' Album, Tim Buckley

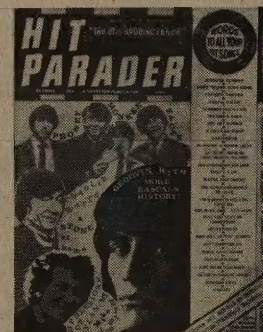
"She's A Rainbow"
"Money" • "Tomorrow"
"Green Tambourine"
"We're A Winner"
"Judy In Disguise"
"Bend Me, Shape Me"
"Sunday Morning"



MAY, 1968

The Supremes, Bee Gees, Lonnie Mack, Pete Townshend, The Doors, Satanic Stones, Monkees At Home

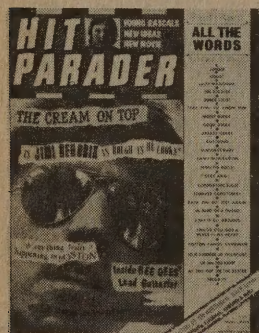
"Dock Of The Bay"
"End Of Our Road"
"I Thank You"
"Valley Of The Dolls"
"I Wish It Would Rain"
"We Can Fly"
"Carpet Man"



JUNE, 1968

Bob Dylan, Otis Redding, Young Rascals, Martha & The Vandellas, The Mothers, Rufus Thomas, Rolling Stones

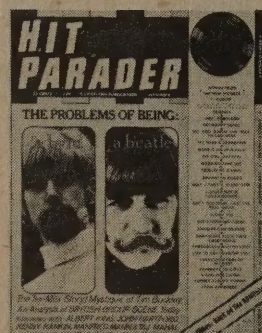
"Valeri" • "Tapioca Tundra"
"Jennifer Juniper"
"Walk Away Renee"
"Unknown Soldier"
"Scarborough Fair"
"If You Can Wait"
"Since You've Been Gone"



JULY, 1968

The Cream On Top, Jimi Hendrix, Moby Grape, Bee Gee's lead guitar, The Rock Revolution

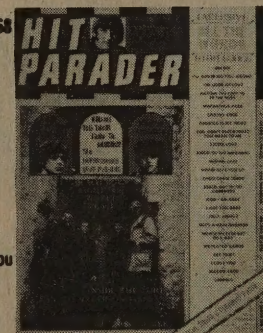
"Honey"
"Lady Madonna"
"Sweet Inspiration"
"Jumbo"
"Jennifer Eccles"
"Forever Came Today"
"Summertime Blues"



SEPTEMBER, 1968

Gassy Steppenwolf, Byrds Interview, Ringo Interview, Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan's new album

Monkee Album songs
"Mrs. Robinson"
"If I Were A Carpenter"
"Like To Get To Know You"
"Wear It On Our Face"
"The Happy Song"
"Friends"



OCTOBER, 1968

Beatles and George Martin, Big Cream Interview, Donovan, Hollies, Beach Boys, Impressions, Turtles, Laura Nyro

"The Look Of Love"
"MacArthur Park"
"Yester Love"
"Choo Choo Train"
"Master Jack"
"I Love You"
"Angel Of The Morning"

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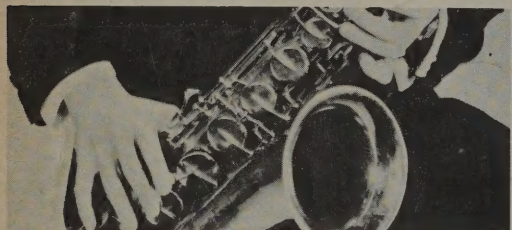
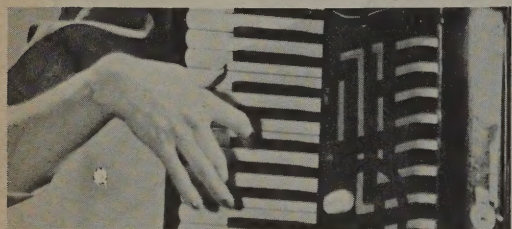
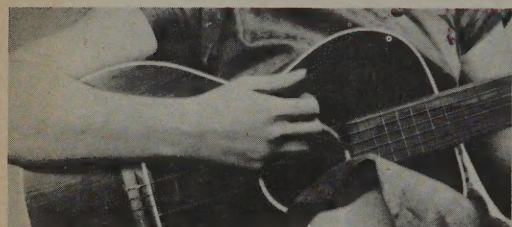
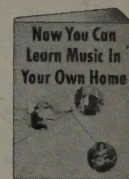
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